



"ULTRA."

We shall never be satisfied until every lady in Rhinelander wears a pair of the celebrated

"Ultra" Shoes.

For Perfect Fit, for Perfect Finish, for Perfect Wear they have no equal. The best makes in the land bow to the "Ultra" and say "thou art perfection." Now on exhibition.

SPAFFORD & COLE,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

Heavy Overcoats,

even though the weather has been mild of late.

We Have the Goods

to make up into stylish garments and would like to have you step in and see how nicely we can fit you out if you are in the market for a Box Coat or Ulster.

THE PRICE WILL BE NO OBSTACLE,

Stop in see the Imported and domestic cloths.

A. C. DANIELSON, Tailor,

217 Brown Street,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

JARDINIERS,

Handsome ones, the \$1.00 kind, this week for

64 cts.

Special Prices on all Jardinières in stock to close them out. 20 per cent. discount.

LAMPS, a fine line,

An exceptionally fine line at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$12.00. Call and see them.

PORTLAND CUTTERS,

A carload, more or less, just received. We offer them at special prices to move them.

LEWIS HDW. CO.

Merchants State Bank Building, RHINELANDER, WIS.

COUNTY SUPERVISORS COMPLETE THEIR WORK

BOARD ADJOURNED FRIDAY, AFTER A LIVELY SESSION.

The Equalization of County Taxes Brought Forth a Short But Heated Discussion—Woodboro and Hazelhurst Representatives Were Not Satisfied—County Tax Levy Fixed at \$35,000.

The annual meeting of the county board adjourned last Friday evening, after holding an important gathering of that body, transacting considerable business. The meeting was quite harmonious, considering the several perplexing questions that arose, the most important of which was the equalization of taxes. This was a question that aroused the ire of a few of the members and during the discussion of the relative values, a few words were used that were more powerful than eloquent; but under the circumstances it was excusable. After the adjournment, the members went their way rejoicing—with two exceptions. Supervisors Wheeler, of Hazelhurst, and Jenne, of Woodboro, were not exactly in the best of humor and were decidedly of the impression that their respective towns had been rather "scooped to land" and threats of settlement through the state board of equalization were heard.

The county tax levy last year was \$22,000, but this year it is increased to \$35,000, owing to \$9,451 in judgment tax for costs in the tax cases. Kate Pier judgments for illegal certificates cancelled. The amount of taxes to be levied for county purposes, is as follows:

General county tax, \$25,000.00
Judgment fund, 9,451.12
Total, \$34,451.12

The equalized valuation of the several towns and the city of Rhinelander and percentage is as follows:

Town	Real Est. Val.	Prop.	Total Per
Gauguin	\$100,000	\$20,000	20.00
Hazelhurst	100,000	10,000	10.00
Newell	50,000	10,000	20.00
Edison	150,000	25,000	16.67
Rhinelander	600,000	25,000	4.17
Schoepke	50,000	5,000	10.00
Sugar Camp	125,000	15,000	12.00
Woodboro	150,000	25,000	16.67

The matter of the building of the town of Schoepke road was brought before the board and as a result, Contractor Geo. Kelley and Bondsman D. J. Cole, were reimbursed for the amounts they lost in fulfilling the contracts. Last July, the board at a special meeting, let two contracts for building this road, the one in the town of Schoepke being let to Mr. Kelley, the contract price being \$2,000. The contract for the Pelican road was let to Chas. Cannon for \$1,250.00. Kelley went on and finished his portion of the road, but Cannon after completing about one half of the Pelican end of the road, threw up his contract. Mr. Cole being his bondsman, was forced to go ahead and finish the road, which requires the expenditure of \$1,500 above the contract price and the amount of \$2,500 for Mr. Kelley. Last Friday, the gentlemen filed petitions for reimbursements for the respective amounts, which were unanimously granted by the board and as a natural consequence, the gentlemen are happy. About ten days ago several members of the board went over the road and as a result of their inspection they readily saw the justice of the demands in the petitions. The action of the board is a commendable one and shows that they would not take undue advantage of a fellow citizen, although they had ample opportunity and could have held the gentlemen down to the provisions of the original contract. Mr. Cole has completed the road as far as possible this fall, which will answer for a winter road, and next spring will complete it, the board extending the time until next November.

The apportionment for the support of the county schools was as follows:

Gauguin	\$20,000
Hazelhurst	10,000
Newell	10,000
Edison	25,000
Rhinelander	15,000
Schoepke	5,000
Sugar Camp	15,000
Woodboro	25,000
Total	\$127,000

The salaries of the county officers for the ensuing term were fixed as follows:

Sheriff	\$1,200.00
Clerk (including hire)	1,200.00
Treasurer	1,000.00
Sup. of Schools (including exp.)	800.00
County Attorney	700.00
County Judge	600.00
Clerk of the Court	200.00

A report by a committee appointed to look into the matter of a suitable route for a highway between Rhinelander and Menomonie. The members were of the impression that the road should be built as it would open up a good country and would be a great benefit to all concerned. It was stated that the road could be built for \$2 a rod. The report of the committee was ordered spread on the minutes.

A resolution was adopted requiring future county treasurers and clerks to furnish security company bonds, the county to "pay the freight."

The poor expense of the county, including the poor commissioner's and county physician's salaries, was \$15,712.11.

Edgar Was Absent Minded.

The Daily Record last Friday suggested that "President Cleveland" send Gene Shepard, of Rhinelander, he of hog-lag fame, to the Philippines

to capture Aguinaldo. The Central does not doubt Gene's ability to capture anything that walks the earth, but it was under the impression that a gentleman by the name of McKinley was now president of the United States.—Central Wisconsin, Wausau.

We were of the same impression, Bob, and in reproducing the article, took the responsibility to make the change. We were at a loss to understand how Editor Wheeler could make such a mistake, though the name Cleveland does sound familiar. As a matter of fact, the Record spoiled its joke as far as Mr. Shepard is concerned personally, hence our attempt to square matters.

Went Scurry Cat.
Miss Ella Edwards was the victim of an unfortunate accident last Saturday, that caused her considerable pain, though no serious results are anticipated. In some manner she ran her arm through a pane of window glass, cutting her wrist quite severely, necessitating the taking of ten stitches to close the wound.

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NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER. • WISCONSIN.

Whales are thick on the Scottish coast this year. At Sand, in the Shetlands, a shoal of 71 bottle-nosed whales was driven ashore and captured in one day. It was the first time in 44 years that whales had appeared there, though in former times they stranded frequently.

The largest city in the world is London, which has a population equaling the combined population of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Rome. Its streets, placed in a row, would reach round the world, leaving a bit over long enough to reach from London to San Francisco.

Although adders are comparatively rare in most parts of England, there are people hardly past middle age, who remember when they were so common on the south side of Clapman common, London, that it was necessary to put up a warning to children that it was not safe to play on that spot.

It has been found that the pain caused by the sting of nettles is due partly to formic acid and partly to a chemical resembling snakepoison. Our nettles are comparatively harmless; but in India, Java and elsewhere there are varieties the painful effects of which last weeks, and in some cases months, like snake bites.

MATTHE LABOUR is still at Semai's near Fountainebleau. The bullet in his back causes him considerable suffering and prevents him standing upright. The bullet will only be removed when it leaves the muscle to which it is present adheres. In this way it is hoped that a simple incision in the skin will suffice to bring about its extraction.

In 1892 a law was passed in Germany that every German with an income of \$150 and over must insure his life against sickness and old age. In 1895 there were 11,000,000 persons in Germany thus insured, and so many of these had pulmonary consumption that 27 of the insurance companies erected at their own expense a sanitarium for the care of these persons.

In an official report of a government inspector of factories for Coburg-Gotha some interesting figures are given as to the labor of children under 14 years, who make buttons, toys, etc., at their homes. They work from four and one-quarter to six hours a day, and earn in tuition making from 15-16 of a cent to 7 cents; in doll making, from 2 1/2 cents to 1 1/2 cents; from work on toys, 1 1/2 cents to 14 cents.

Next year it is expected that Rome will draw as many visitors as the Paris exposition. According to calculations which have been made by the Vatican secretary of state, at least 1,200,000 pilgrims will visit Rome—an average of 2,000 a day. The amount of Peter's pence they will bring is expected to reach \$10,000,000, while the amount of money they will spend in Italy is reckoned at \$50,000,000.

WE TING FANG, the first Chinese minister to America able to converse in English, has already begun to pay the penalty for such knowledge. He has been interviewed by a reporter concerning his opinion of American women, and, being as yet a stranger to the particular brand of diplomacy needed in such cases, he said that "gentleness is not American quality," and that he prefers the women of China to those of this country.

It is proposed, owing to the number of accidents which occur each year, that the Maine legislature pass a law prohibiting the wearing by hunters of buff-colored clothes, which may be mistaken at a distance for a deer. Ordinary hunting clothes are the worst possible thing for a man to wear in the northern woods. Accidents have been most frequent, and each year several hunters are killed, often being shot by their friends, who think they see a deer.

GREAT SALT lake is receding on account of the excessive drains made upon it by irrigation enterprises. This lake is not fed by underground streams, but by the Jordan and other rivers, and when the waters of these streams are intercepted for irrigation purposes the water supply of Salt lake is of course diminished, so that the evaporation, which is constantly going on, is not made by a new supply. In time it looks as if the lake would only be a bed of dry salt.

THE German emperors possess a family charm, which, of course, they prefer to call a talisman. It is a black stone, which is said to be handed down by each dying emperor from his deceased to his successor and has a putative origin curious even among charms. According to a legend, the stone was dropped by a huge black toad on the bed of a princess of the family, who had just given birth to a son. The father of Frederick the Great had the stone mounted as a ring. There are documents relating to it in the archives and the present Kaiser always wears it on all great occasions.

A FIRE in Japan is exciting. The Japanese seem to lose their heads completely in the presence of the fire demon. The people move from the houses where the fire breaks out into the next, then to another, and so on until the fire is over, the united families moving from house to house with great nonchalance. A man dancing on his roof with a paper fire ball is supposed to avert the danger and no man is more surprised than he, when, in spite of the fire god, the house ignites and in a moment roof and man fall together. In three days the houses are rebuilt and all traces of fire removed.

GOVERNMENT IS CRUSHED

Filipino: Can No Longer Claim That Their Organization Has Any Existence.

MANY OF ITS OFFICERS IN OUR HANDS.

Dispatch from Gen. Otis Shows That Insurrection Is Practically Ended—President of Philippine Congress Renounces All Further Connection with the Rebellion.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Gen. Otis summarizes the situation in Luzon in a dispatch to the war department Friday, in which he says that the insurrection can no longer claim to exist, its troops and officials are scattered and Aguinaldo in hiding. The dispatch follows: "Manila, Nov. 24.—Claim to government by insurgents can be made no longer under any color of its treasury, secretary of the interior and president of congress in our hands; the president and remaining cabinet officers in hiding evidently in different central Luzon provinces; its generals and troops in small bands scattered through several provinces and acting as bandits or thieves, playing the role of 'samor' with arms concealed. Indications are that Aguinaldo did not escape through the lines of Lawton or Wheaton, but fled westward from Bayambang railway station. Telegraphic communication to Baguio established, probably to San Fabian today, at a distance of 100 miles of track with material at hand, railway communication to that point reestablished; labor of troops must attend maintenance."

President of Congress Gives Up. Manila, Nov. 25.—Luisita, president of the Philippine congress, presented himself to Gen. MacArthur Friday and formally renounced all further connection with the insurrection. He was one of the influential Filipinos who hesitated at the beginning of the war as to the side on which to cast his lot. He was offered a judgeship of the supreme court, but declined. He now announces that he desires to accept the position and says the Philippine congress and cabinet are scattered, never to reassemble. Some of the members, he adds, have returned to their homes, while others are flying for safety. Many of the congressmen have resigned, and he believes the Filipino soldiers will lay down their arms everywhere as soon as they learn the truth.

Another Capture. Manila, Nov. 25.—Senor Buencamino, a former member of the so-called cabinet of Aguinaldo, has been brought to Gen. Otis a prisoner on the transport Brutus. He had sought refuge in a village near San Fabian with Aguinaldo's mother and son. The natives disclosed his identity to Maj. Cronin, who captured him.

American Flag Flying. Gen. Bates, who is making a tour of the southern islands, reports that he has had an interview with the sultan of Paragua, and that satisfactory relations were established with that ruler. The American flag is now flying over the island of Paragua, which is the most western island of the Philippines and is situated to the north of Borneo. It is long and narrow, and has a chain of high mountains. Its length is 256 miles and its population 45,000.

Filipino Army Scattered. Manila, Nov. 25.—The last Filipino council of war was held by the retreating leaders at Bayambang on November 12 in the house now occupied by Gen. MacArthur. It was attended by Aguinaldo, Pio del Pilar, Garcia, Alajadino and some member of the so-called cabinet. Information has reached Gen. MacArthur from several sources to the effect that the council recognized the futility of attempting further resistance to the Americans with united forces, and agreed that the Filipino troops should scatter and should hereafter follow guerrilla methods.

Surrender of Zamboanga. Washington, Nov. 25.—Secretary of the Navy Long on Sunday received a cablegram from Admiral Watson informing him that the entire province of Zamboanga, island of Mindanao, had surrendered unconditionally to Commander Very, of the Castine. The surrender was made on the 15th inst. The information contained in Admiral Watson's dispatch was received by the president and his advisers with unqualified satisfaction.

Zamboanga is the principal city of the island of Mindanao, which is the second largest island of the Philippine group. Notices from Admiral Watson indicate that the entire southern half of the island, which comprises the province of Zamboanga, has yielded to the American forces and acceded to the authority of the United States.

Has Aguinaldo's Son.

Manila, Nov. 25.—Aguinaldo's four-year-old son is a captive in the hands of Gen. Wheaton. With Buencamino, the former Filipino secretary of state and member of Aguinaldo's cabinet, who was brought here a prisoner on the Brutus, they had taken refuge after Tarlac was deserted in a little village in Pangasinan province, about five miles from Manaoag. When the natives of Calarawan attacked Buencamino's party Aguinaldo's mother and her grandson got into the brush and Buencamino thought they had been killed. The boy was taken, however, by Maj. Cronin's men, and is now safe at the camp of Gen. Wheaton. His grandmother has not been found.

Important Captures.

Buencamino's position as the former secretary of state and chief adviser of Aguinaldo and his influence among the natives makes his capture an important one, and makes the American officials here more confident than ever that the insurrection is in its dying stage. Senor Buencamino, indeed, admitted that the rebellion had gone to pieces. He says Aguinaldo has gone to Bayambang, and it is now merely a matter of

persistent chasing in order to catch him. The whole trouble, he said, would soon be ended. Buencamino had \$2,000 in gold when he was captured, but had no clothing. He came to Manila wearing borrowed garments. Our cavalry is pushing toward Bayambang, where Aguinaldo is likely to meet them if he gets away from Gen. Young.

LOSS OF THE MAINE.

Government Officials Finally Get Facts Regarding Destruction of the Battleship.

Havana, Nov. 27.—United States officials, after months of secret investigation, have discovered that the battleship Maine was blown up by gun cotton torpedoes planted in the bay for the purpose. The gun cotton, 700 pounds of which was used, was sent from Barcelona to Admiral Manterola, commanding the port of Havana, and was either stolen from the magazine where the stuff was stored or taken away with the knowledge of the officials in charge. Admiral Manterola's records will undoubtedly show the names of his subordinates who had direct control of the plot to destroy the Maine may be discovered. Two or three men were engaged in the destruction of the Maine. A steam launch of Spanish make and now used by the United States government in Havana harbor conveyed the two torpedoes, according to the new evidence, to a point within a few feet of the berth of the Maine and anchored them. The torpedoes were kept in position by means of buoys floated 11 feet under water and ten feet above the anchors used to prevent them from being swept away. The torpedoes were exploded by contact with the keel of the Maine as she swung at anchor.

PAY THE PENALTY.

Four Men Are Hanged in Various Portions of the Country for the Crime of Murder.

Billings, Mont., Nov. 25.—William C. Brooks (colored) was hanged here yesterday for the murder of his wife in November, 1895.

Austin, Tex., Nov. 25.—James Davidson was hanged here yesterday for the murder of George W. Engburg and his wife at Manor last June.

Darlington, S. C., Nov. 25.—The first legal execution for criminal assault in South Carolina took place here yesterday when Ed Luckey and Tom Mitchell (negroes) were hanged for assault on Miss Joseph Lafferty, a young white woman.

ROBBERS SECURE BIG SUM.

Safe in a Bank at Troy, Ill., Is Blown Open, and Upward of \$2,000 Taken.

St. Louis, Nov. 27.—The Troy Exchange bank, at Troy, Ill., 18 miles from St. Louis, was wrecked by safe blowers about 2:30 o'clock Saturday morning and everything of value stolen. The robbers secured between \$2,000 and \$5,000 in cash and stacks of bonds and other securities. The men drove into town in a carriage and drove away without being molested. From the appearance of the inside of the bank it seemed that nitroglycerin had been used by the robbers.

Seeks Statehood.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Gov. Brady, of Alaska, in his annual report pleads for statehood, government establishment and operation of cable and telegraph lines and persistent branding of fur seals and cessation of killing them for at least ten years. The gold output summary for the season follows: Eagle City and Forty Mile district, \$550,000; Birch creek and its tributaries, south of the Yukon, \$150,000; Macook, Hoosier and other creeks about Rampart City, \$250,000; Cape Nome district, \$1,500,000.

Made a Good Showing.

Boston, Nov. 25.—Against tide, wind and a heavy head sea for at least half her course the new battleship Kentucky made a record of 16.577 knots an hour Friday on her official speed trial over the government course from Cape Ann to Boone Island, and by her work showed that she is a little faster than her sister ship, the Kearsarge, which recently was sent over the same course.

The Chicago Sails.

New York, Nov. 25.—The United States cruiser Chicago, flagship of the South Atlantic squadron, under Rear Admiral Schley, passed out quarantine, bound for her station. Her first stop will be at St. Lucia and thence she goes to Bahia and after that to Buenos Ayres.

Monuments Dedicated.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 24.—The 137 monuments and markers of the state of Illinois on the battlefields surrounding Chattanooga, Tenn., were dedicated yesterday. Gov. Tanner of Illinois, Senator Cullom and others made addresses.

Dropped Dead.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 25.—Capt. Edwin V. Holcomb, superintendent of the dining and sleeping car service of the Great Northern railroad, dropped dead on the street here Sunday from heart disease.

Well-Known Indian Dead.

Muscatine, Ia., Nov. 25.—Josiah Prenter Walton, widely known in Iowa as a state historian and scientist, is dead. He was 74 years of age and has resided here 51 years.

Killed Wife and Self.

Mount Vernon, O., Nov. 21.—In a fit of jealousy Thursday night Charles Goldborough shot and killed his wife and a few minutes later shot and killed himself.

Bank Robbed.

Milton, Wis., Nov. 21.—The bank here was robbed by burglars of over \$2,000 in cash, stamps and bonds.

BODY PLACED IN A TOMB.

Impressive Funeral Rites Over the Remains of Vice President Garret A. Hobart.

SIMPLE SERVICE HELD AT THE HOUSE.

The Church Decorated with a Profusion of Cut Flowers, Smiles and Faints—Sermon Preached by Rev. Dr. Magie—Evidences of Mourning at Patterson and Washington.

Patterson, N. J., Nov. 27.—Because of the funeral of Garret A. Hobart, vice president of the United States, Saturday, business houses, with few exceptions, were closed and many private residences had flags at half-mast besides other mourning emblems.

The military lined the streets between Carroll hall and the Church of the Redeemer, where the public services were held. The church floral decorations were magnificent. A band of smiles over three feet wide and thick enough to hide the wall ran around both sides and the front of the main auditorium. Above the windows the wreath ran unbroken before the pipes of the great organ.

There were 32 pallbearers, eight representing the United States senate; eight representing the house of representatives; eight personal pallbearers, selected by Hobart two months before his death, and eight senate police who carried the casket.

Simple Services at House.

The service at the house was brief and simple. It was held in the library, which was banked with flowers sent by friends of the late vice president. Mrs. Hobart, with her son Garret A. Hobart, Jr., sat near the head of the casket, while near her were grouped the president and his cabinet, judges of the supreme court, the honorary pallbearers and the immediate friends of the family and the family servants. Rev. Dr. Magie offered the prayer, and read a passage of Scripture. The president, cabinet and supreme court judges and those present took a last look at the face of the dead, the casket was closed, and all that was mortal of Vice President Hobart was carried out to the house by members of the senate police.

The Services at the Church.

The services at the church lasted an hour and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Magie. They began with an organ prelude and reading of Scriptures by Rev. Charles P. Shaw, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Patterson. Then followed the singing of the hymn, "Nearer My God, to Thee," by the Orpheus club. Dr. Magie then preached the funeral sermon and offered prayer. This was followed by the anthem "Weary Hands," sung by the Orpheus club, after which the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Magie.

The remains were consigned to a temporary resting place in the receiving vault at Cedar Lawn cemetery, near this city.

Mourning at Washington.

Washington, Nov. 27.—Official Washington is in mourning for the dead vice president. Business in all the executive branches of the government is suspended and the departments are closed. Nearly all of the prominent officials of the government have gone to Patterson to attend the funeral of Vice President Hobart and flags throughout the city are at half-staff. As evidence of the popularity of the late vice president hundreds of private residences displayed mourning emblems.

Another Kansas Bank Robbed.

Bluff City, Kan., Nov. 27.—Robbers Saturday night touched off a quantity of dynamite that wrecked the safe and the front end of the State bank here and escaped with \$10,000 in gold, besides some silver and bills. This is the eighth Kansas bank to be robbed by safe crackers within three weeks.

Record Broken.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 27.—John T. Fisher, of Chicago, at Convention hall Sunday night broke the indoor world's bicycle record for one mile, paced, making the distance in 1:22 2/3. The former record, 1:26 2/3, was made by Harry Eikes in Madison Square garden.

Cleared itself of Debt.

Duluth, Minn., Nov. 27.—The First Methodist church of this city celebrated its thirtieth anniversary Sunday by raising \$25,240, enough to clear its entire mortgage debt. H. M. Bradley was the principal speaker, his offering amounting to \$12,000.

Knights of Labor.

Boston, Nov. 26.—Before adjourning the general assembly of Knights of Labor passed resolutions declaring President McKinley an enemy of labor, because of his attitude on trusts, expansion and other questions.

Immigration Statistics.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Reports to the immigration bureau show that the total immigration to the United States during the last four months was 115,276, an increase over that of the corresponding period of last year of 29,514.

Death of Col. Davis.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—Col. George B. Davis, former director general of the world's fair, a civil war veteran and a member of congress from 1878 to 1884, died at his home in this city of heart trouble, aged 59 years.

Ex-Congressman Dead.

Bedford, Ind., Nov. 25.—Ex-Congressman A. J. Hostetter died at his home, eight miles east of Bedford, Friday of paralysis. He represented this district in congress in 1850. He was 91 years of age.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending Nov. 27. Gen. Grant's widow has written a story of her life.

Wallace Ross, the famous ex-cannerman, died in London.

American exports of iron and steel for 1899 exceed \$100,000,000.

Daniel Earl, a Chicago jeweler, was robbed of \$7,233 worth of precious stones.

An agreement of the powers to maintain the open-door policy in China is expected.

The bubonic plague is raging at New Chung, China, hundreds of deaths occurring weekly.

Samuel May, a famous abolitionist, died at his home in Leicester, Mass., aged nearly 90 years.

George W. Brooks shot his divorced wife in Detroit, Mich., and then killed himself. The woman will live.

The wrecked cruiser Charleston has slipped out of sight into deep water in the Philippines and cannot be saved.

While preparing a sermon entitled "Prepare to meet thy God," Rev. Noah Rogers, of Holington, Kan., fell dead.

A deputy sheriff and his bailiff were killed at Falkberry, Ala., by a negro for whom a warrant has been issued.

Thomas Henry Ismay, founder of the White Star line, died at his residence near Liverpool, aged 62 years.

Sandford Foote, aged 20, a desperado who had killed six men, was shot dead by some one unknown at Pine Bluff, Ark.

The Canadian department of the interior has received information that 15,000 Finlanders will arrive in Canada next spring.

Henry A. Kasson, of Madison, Wis., an ex-member of congress, is to be sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives.

Trains collided near Coshecton, O., and Moses Caton, A. Ludan and Squire West were killed and 25 other persons injured.

Thirty Mormon elders arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn., from Utah for assignment to work in Ohio and the southern states.

William Magill died at his home in Amherst, Mass. He was the inventor of the "German student lamp" while a student at Yale.

Brigham H. Roberts will be aided in his fight for a seat in congress by a staff of lawyers now being engaged by the Mormon church.

Granville Neil and John Sprouts, placed in the jail at Jellico, Tenn., for drunkenness, set fire to the building and were cremated.

With assets amounting to \$23,000 and liabilities \$29,000, the Yankton (S. D.) savings bank was forced to close its doors after a three days' run.

Unknown men entered the office of the Monroe (Neb.) Mirror and destroyed the presses and dumped the type and other material into a creek.

Tortured and Robbed.

Cumbarland, Md., Nov. 25.—Joseph Earle, aged 55 years, and his wife, over 80 years, were tortured and robbed at Glencoe early Thursday morning by a band of masked men. The old people were cruelly beaten and the soles of their feet were burned with torches before they would make known the hiding place of their money. The culprits obtained over \$500. Both Earle and his wife are in a precarious condition, their advanced age making recovery doubtful.

A Sheep Syndicate.

Billings, Mont., Nov. 27.—Representatives of the American-English syndicate have been in this state all summer and fall traveling all over the large sheep-raising sections, securing options on the best sheep ranches and best watered land for the purpose of consolidating them into one large company. Already options on nearly 500,000 head of sheep and 500,000 acres of the finest and most fertile sheep-raising land in the state have been obtained.

A Fatal Error.

Sioux City, Ia., Nov. 24.—General Manager F. C. Hills, of the Sioux City, O'Neill & Western railroad, died of arsenic poisoning, he having eaten breakfast food in which the drug had been mixed for the purpose of killing rats, and which was used by mistake. Mr. Hills was an old railroad man and had been connected with western roads since the '60s. He was an old soldier and a thirty-third degree mason.

Taylor Gets the Votes.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 27.—The court of appeals Saturday clinched Taylor's right to 1,197 Nelson county votes. The court, all the judges concurring, refused to dissolve the injunction, as asked by Goebel's attorneys. The votes in controversy were certified for W. L. instead of W. S. Taylor. Judge Jones, of Nelson county, ordered these votes counted for W. S. Taylor, and this order is affirmed.

National Grange Closes.

Springfield, O., Nov. 24.—The thirty-third annual convention of the National Grange closed its deliberations Thursday afternoon after a nine days' session. The industrial exposition, the most prominent local feature in connection with the meeting, closed Thursday night. More than 20,000 people attended it during the 12 days.

Three Killed.

Coshecton, O., Nov. 27.—A work train returning from the Morgan Run and Wade coal mines on the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad collided with a freight train, killing three people, Asbury Luman, Squire West and Moses Caton, and injuring 25 others.

Fire in Army Yard.

Boston, Nov. 27.—The building used as the bending shed, one of the oldest structures in the Charlestown navy yard, was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss estimated at between \$75,000 and \$100,000.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Situation in the Light of the Latest News from the Battlefields in the Transvaal.

REPORTS FROM THE FRONT CONFLICTING

Lord Methuen Wins a Battle Near Belmont, But Loses a Heavy—Boers Closing in on Mafeking—A Bloody Conflict Takes Place Not Far South of Kimberley.

London, Nov. 24.—Lord Methuen, whose duty is the relief of Kimberley, fought his first battle yesterday near Belmont. In an official report received from him by the war office at midnight Lord Methuen claims a decisive success, but reports his losses at some 250, as follows: Killed, three officers, 56 men; wounded, 22 officers, 120 men; missing, 22. Boer loss is unknown.

Much Uncertainty.

Regardless of the British victory reported at Belmont, there is much uncertainty in London. It is feared Gen. Methuen will have more hard fighting before he can reach Kimberley and relieve the beleaguered city. Natal appears to be completely overrun with Boers and the situation there is not encouraging to the friends of the British.

Closing In.

Mafeking, Nov. 25.—The garrison is cheerful, but their position is becoming daily more difficult. The Boers are pushing their intrenchments closer, and the bombardment is incessant. The garrison is practically living underground, and the health of the men is suffering in consequence thereof. Col. Baden-Powell declares he is prepared to hold out for a month without relief.

Another Battle.

London, Nov. 25.—Dispatches say that another bloody conflict has taken place between the Boers and British, this time at Gras Pan, not far south of Kimberley. Gen. Methuen sends a report of defeating the Boers with heavy loss, but there is much fear in London that the British loss also is severe.

Butler Reaches Durban.

Durban, Nov. 27.—Sir Redvers Butler, looking the pink of health, arrived here Saturday evening and immediately proceeded up the country in the governor's car. He was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

THOUSANDS DUPED.

Members of a Swindling Concern in New York Indicted, But They Are Missing.

New York, Nov. 25.—William P. Miller, head of the Franklin syndicate, which has accepted the deposits of thousands of persons in Brooklyn under promise of paying dividends of ten per cent. a week, or 220 per cent. per annum, and Cecil Leslie, his secretary, were indicted by the Kings county grand jury Friday. Bench warrants were issued for their arrest, but neither has been found.

How grand is the alleged swindle no one knows, for the amount of funds on hand cannot be even approximated, but it is confidently asserted that Miller has taken in not less than \$1,000,000 since he began business. The receipts of the concern, especially in the last few days, have been enormous, and how many persons will lose their principal cannot be even guessed at. Many of the depositors or victims were persons of small means, who put all they could get together into the concern.

Bank Officials Indicted.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 25.—The Morgan county grand jury indicted Albert Rohrer, of Waverly, and J. L. Hutchinson, president and cashier, respectively, of the Bank of Waverly, which closed its doors several months ago with liabilities of over \$200,000. They are charged with receiving money for deposit after they knew the bank was insolvent. Hutchinson is now in the Chicago & Alton ticket office at Bloomington. Hutchinson gave \$1,490 bail and Rohrer \$500.

Three Indictments.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 27.—The Ingham county grand jury on Saturday returned indictments for legislative bribery against the following-named persons: William A. French, commissioner of the state land office; Edgar J. Adams, speaker of the lower house of the Michigan state legislature; Charles H. Pratt, former representative of the West Publishing Co. of St. Paul.

Tragedy in Michigan.

Stockbridge, Mich., Nov. 24.—Frank and George Bailey, prominent business men of this village, were found Thursday in the rear of their bicycle and jewelry store both shot through the head. George was dead and Frank was dying. It is thought that Frank, who had been under a doctor's care for several days with mental trouble, shot his brother and then himself.

Fire in Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 25.—The upper stories of A. Krolik & Co.'s wholesale dry goods stores were completely burned out Friday night. The lower four stories were flooded by water and the adjoining wholesale dry goods house of Strong, Lee & Co. was also badly flooded, making a total loss of approximately \$200,000.

Foreign Mail Matters.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Postmaster General Smith says that all mail matter passing between the United States and Porto Rico, the Philippines or any of this country's insular possessions is subject to the United States' domestic classification and rates of postage.

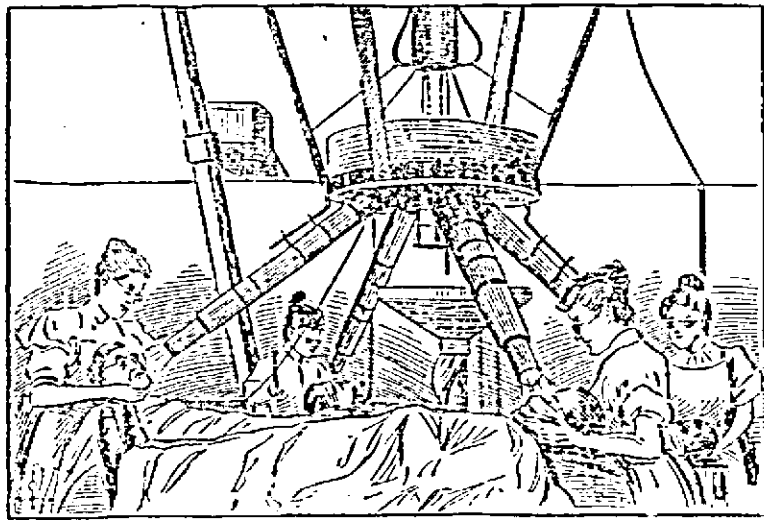
DISEASE AND LIGHT.

Danish Physician Says They Are Very Closely Connected.

New Treatment, Called Phototherapy, Destroys Germs by Means of Powerful Rays—Other Great Medical Discoveries.

(Special New York Letter.)

European physicians have become much interested in the methods employed by Dr. Finsen, a Danish practitioner, in treating skin diseases of various kinds. It is generally known that sunlight is fatal to the growth of certain kinds of malignant bacteria, but the new treatment which Dr. Finsen calls "phototherapy" makes use of the chemical rays of light while the red or heat rays are partially excluded. This is probably the first systematic attempt to utilize the chemical rays of light in therapeutics. In summer sunlight is employed, at other times the light of electric lamps of from 50 to 50 amperes. If light in its normal condition could effect a cure in a patient, a run in the open air each day would be sufficient, but as ordinary rays are not strong enough the light must be so concentrated that its chemical rays will penetrate the skin and act as a bactericide. When this is done it must be so cooled as to prevent burning, but not necessarily irritation, of the skin. An apparatus for strengthening and cooling light at the same time consists of a lens of eight to sixteen inches in diameter. This is composed of a brass ring in which are framed a plain and a curved glass between which is a weak ammoniacal solution of copper sulphate of a bright blue color. It resembles an ordinary plain convex glass lens in function, but the water absorbs the ultra-red rays, while a large amount of red and yellow rays are excluded by the blue color. The latter rays are weak in germicidal power, while very strong in heat. The ultra-blue, blue and violet, which contain less heat, but are

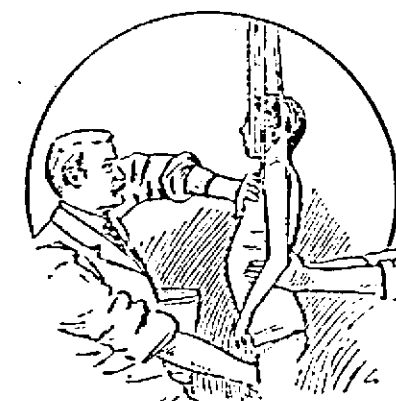


TREATMENT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

very destructive to bacteria, pass readily through the blue liquid. This lens is so adjusted that it can be placed at any angle. When electric light is used a system of lenses enclosed in a tube is employed.

As so many germs producing baldness and other skin diseases lie at various depths beneath the surface, experiments were made with dyes and cats to see if the sifted rays would penetrate their hides. Scaled glass tubes filled with muriate of silver were inserted under the skin and some of the animals were placed in the dark, others in the chemical beams. When the tubes were removed the solution had turned black in the latter cases and remained unaltered in the former. Experiment has proved that the rays pass much more quickly through bloodless tissue.

Dr. Finsen first attracted attention by his success in treating smallpox. He has cured hundreds of cases of lupus, or tuberculosis of the skin, and baldness. It is a recognized fact that owing to differences in food, lighting, heating and other causes too numerous to men-



SHAPING PLASTER JACKET.

tion, the growth of the bacteria producing baldness is so stimulated that, as a people, we are compelled to be satisfied with a much smaller amount of hair than fell to the share of our progenitors. Hence anything likely to prevent the "passing" of our hairless appendages attracts very favorable notice. The rays just described have proved especially efficacious in curing the kind of baldness which comes in patches, the germs being quickly killed and the hair soon renewed.

One of the noted miracles of olden times, one which caused devout worshippers to fall upon their knees in adoration, was the appearance of red masses, believed to be the blood of the Saviour, upon the consecrated bread of the Host. But alas for tradition! Investigation has revealed that instead of a manifestation to command worship, the scarlet spots were colonies of loathsome little bacteria which find bread shut up in dark and dampness a very suitable culture medium. These

bacilli, confined in a glass tube, now form a part of the stock of a modern bacteriologist. One of Dr. Finsen's first experiments was to expose a culture of these germs to the direct rays of the sun. In a short time all of the "miraculous lacilli" were nonexistent.

Together with the possibility that the coming man may have a skin without blemish and not belong, as some have prophesied, to a hairless race, travels the announcement that there need never be any more hunchbacks; that the disease producing this deformity has been studied so carefully, coped with so successfully and the modus operandi for curing it been so carefully mapped out that from henceforth a hunchback will be a living monument to the ignorance or carelessness of his family physician, whose fault it is that he is in his present condition. Potts' disease is not, as many suppose, caused by a fractured spine. However, a slight fall may bring on the ailment, which is of a tuberculous nature, and develops into a consumption of the spine. It may be checked long before the stage when deformity puts in its appearance. Diagnosis is easy. Before any change in form is manifest the spine becomes somewhat rigid and severe pains are felt in the abdomen. Because of these pains a careless physician will often treat a young child for worms. Bending the body forward produces, and backward relieves, pain. If able to walk, the patient steps carefully. Instead of stooping, he crouches to pick up an object. There is often much pain in the back, where, in time, a knob appears. Nearly always more or less of paralysis manifests itself when the disease invades the spinal canal.

Dr. A. M. Phelps, professor of orthopedic surgery in New York post-graduate medical school, is said to be foremost in treatment of Potts' disease at this time. The cure is almost purely mechanical. Except cod liver oil and other nourishment to repair wasting tissues, no medicine is given. The hunchback is treated, as is a consumptive, to plenty of good food and fresh air, but in the case of the latter it is impossible to apply any mechanism to

LAND OF THE BOERS.

Authentic Information Concerning Its Climate and Topography.

Snow in Winter Is Not Uncommon, But the Summers Are Very Hot—Cattle-Raising the Principal Industry.

(Special Correspondence.)

The impression that the South African republic and the Orange Free State are tropical countries seems to prevail quite generally. Some imaginative newspaper writers have gone so far as to compare the climate of the two countries with that of Cuba and the West Indies. Nothing could be more misleading than such statements. While the climatic conditions of the district in question are not by any means ideal, still some sections, especially that called the "Hooge Veldt" (the high field), which forms the major part of the Transvaal, is very healthy. The heat of the summer is mitigated by great elevation (in most places 4,000 feet above the



A TYPICAL BOER FARMER.

sea level), and the winters are quite cold, snow frequently falling on the slopes of the Drakenberg, a mountain chain whose summits are 11,000 feet above the level of the sea in several places.

Pretoria, the capital of the South African republic, has had a weather bureau for a number of years, and in its reports the January temperature is given as 90 degrees Fahrenheit, that of the winter months as 40 degrees. The summer is the rainy season, and storms with thunder and hail are frequently severe. The rains usually begin about the middle of October and last intermittently until April, almost the entire fall taking place during this period. At Pretoria the average rainfall is 20 inches. This increases toward the east, reaching a maximum in the mountain region, and decreases toward the west, in the direction of the Great Kalahari Desert, a barren and dry strip of unproductive land, so that on the frontier it is not more than 12 inches. A climate such as this is, of course, not favorable to the growth of timber, except in the river bottom lands. Consequently anything bigger than bushes is not often seen in either of the two states, although the soil supports an abundant herbage which, in the winter, becomes dry and brown, but springs up with renewed vigor and increased succulence with the first rains. Nature has made the Transvaal country a vast pasture, and that is why cattle raising is the chief industry of the burghers.

General farming is profitable only where costly irrigation plants have been established. The soil is adapted for the cultivation of all kinds of vegetables and fruits, and in some districts a very fine quality of tobacco is grown. Grain also does well in certain districts, but as a whole the two Dutch republics are purely pastoral in their industries. As the pasturage is scanty for half a year, the farms are necessarily large, for the stock must often be driven long distances in search of fodder. This accounts also for the small population



MAJUBA HILL FROM THE RAILROAD.

of the immense territory covered by the Boer states, the average in the Transvaal being seven inhabitants to the square mile and only four in the Orange Free State.

Until the discovery of gold the Transvaal was a country of farms. The gold regions are of small area, and nearly all controlled by English capitalists and miners. Although the Boers were given every opportunity to engage in mining, they stuck to their farms which, by the way, are truly picturesque establishments. They consist of sheep kraals, ostrich farms, Kaffer huts, where the boys eat and sleep, wagon houses and outhouses roofed with zinc. The dwelling house usually is a square, red brick building, with thatched roof, fronted by a low brick wall. The walls surrounding the sheep kraals are made of sod. The average Boer house consists of one big room, into which the front door opens. It is called the "sit kame," or sitting-room, and has no flooring beyond clay, or clay studded

with peach stones, to prevent the wear and tear of passing feet. It is furnished with a table, couches and chairs, seated with strips of hide.

Large game of many varieties, antelope and giraffes were once abundant, but they are now comparatively scarce. Nevertheless, the Boers are still famous hunters and can handle a rifle perhaps better than their English neighbors in Cape Colony, Bechuanaland and Natal. Frequent troubles with the Zulus and Kaffirs have, moreover, given them quite a little knowledge of warfare. A British officer, who is thoroughly familiar with Dutch customs and history in South Africa, is authority for the statement that the older generation delights in remembering Majuba Hill, Laing's Nek, Ingogo and all the rest of English humiliation, and some of them to this day retain their old guns, with a notch in the stock for every "trookiek" or Englishman, they allege to have shot. They fill their cartridge belt, put a piece of blinding in their pocket, mount their horses and ride off to war. Blinding, it should be explained, is sundried venison cut into strips, and is said to be very nourishing and sustaining. The Boers, when out on the veldt, live on it for weeks at a time and seem to crave no other food.

The same authority says that when taking the field the Boers harass themselves with no cumbersome commissariat or ambulance wagons. Everything is left to chance, and in the war of 1881 it seemed truly wonderful how they escaped all manner of horrible dangers. If they get wounded they seek a refuge in the nearest farmhouse. If they are mortally wounded they look upon it as a decree of Providence.

Practically every Boer is mounted, and although they have no regular constituted regiments they join together in what is called "commandos." These are the aggregate collections of the farmers and their sons from one particular district gathered together in a heterogeneous mass under the leadership of the "field cornet" or the commandant of that particular district. In the past the Boers have never fought in the open, but in the war now in progress they have several times made bold charges and accepted hand-to-hand encounters. They have also added field hospitals to their equipment, and the forces around Ladysmith are accompanied by an ambulance train and a staff of Boer physicians, who are, almost without exception, graduates of Edinburgh.

The Boer women excel in marksmanship; and when the British troops finally succeed in invading the Transvaal they will find them enemies by no means to be despised. They handle a rifle with ease and can shoot a bird on



THE BOERS AT WAR. (Handing Out Ammunition to a Commando Near Ladysmith.)

the wing without missing more than once in ten times.

In view of the fact that Sir Redvers Buller, commander in chief of the British forces in South Africa, is about ready to start on his march of conquest, the topography of the country to be subdued is of timely interest. The two allied Dutch republics are separated by the Vaal river only, and in physical geography are practically one region. Natal cuts off the Orange Free State from the Indian ocean, and Zululand and Portuguese East Africa do the same for the Transvaal. Both states have British territory on the west, which also forms the northern boundary of the one and the southern of the other. The principal natural defense of the Boer country lies on the eastern side, where it is protected by mountains. In fact, the two states have been described as a vast upland plateau, bordered on one side by a group of mountain ranges.

The Drakenberg separates Natal from the eastern part of the Orange Free State; then enters the Transvaal, having Portuguese East Africa between it and the ocean. North of the granite region of Basutoland the Drakenberg is not imposing, the mountains being rounded and consisting of stratified rock, sandstone and shale, capped occasionally by sheets of basaltic rock. Cliffs now and then offer some striking scenic variations. Majuba Hill has such a structure—alternating sandstone and shale, capped with igneous rocks and the adjoining ridge, to which it links down, is Laing's Nek, over which the road from Natal to the Transvaal once ran, and which is now pierced by a railway. The mountain barrier once passed, the great South African plateau, of which the two Dutch republics is the eastern portion, is entered. This plateau extends westward beyond Mafeking and Kimberley; and that is the reason why these two towns were so easily reached by the Boers who are now besieging them.

After the British troops have once ascended this great plateau they will have no difficulty in maintaining a direct line of communication with Cape Town, nor will they experience much trouble in carrying artillery across the mountains. That is why the Boer generals invaded Natal and fortified the passes leading to Johannesburg and Pretoria. They know that the doom of their country is sealed as soon as the British have crossed the Drakenberg.

O. W. WEIPPERT.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Kills Her Life.
Mrs. William Tucker committed suicide at the home of her mother-in-law in Janesville. Just a year ago she married at the age of 17 years. The marriage was against the will of her parents. Tucker also married without his father's consent at the age of 14 years. When he took his bride home the angry parents administered a whipping to the groom and sent the frightened bride to her parents. After a month's separation Mr. and Mrs. Tucker went to live together. Worry over the shame brought about by the public notoriety given her at the time of her marriage is alleged to have resulted in the suicide.

Crime of a Villain.
Fred O'Brien placed a ten-pound sack of dynamite beneath his wife's bedroom in Janesville and a terrific explosion followed, partly wrecking the house, which is a one-story frame building. In the two small bedrooms were Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Brien and two small children and Mrs. Fred O'Brien and child. O'Brien's act is said to be because his wife refused to live with him, she charging cruelty. All the persons in the house escaped injury. O'Brien is in jail and has confessed, implicating two other men.

Students Suspended.
Thirteen students of the university in Madison were suspended by the faculty for complicity in the raid on the ladies' hall laundry Halloween evening. This is the result of the investigation of the discipline committee. The faculty states that it is not yet through with its work. Dean Birge refused to give out the names of the suspended students. A number are suspended for the rest of the year and some only until the holidays.

Started Five Fires.
Eva Bradshaw, a 15-year-old girl, confessed that she was the originator of five fires started within the last few weeks in the residence of J. N. Crane in Green Bay. The girl is a niece of Mrs. Crane and lived at the Crane home. She became angry because Mr. and Mrs. Crane refused to take her with them on a trip to California. The girl made a full confession to the chief of police. She will be sent away to school.

Shot in a Fight.
At Cameron, a village six miles south of Rice Lake, two strangers entered the saloon of John Swanson and quarreled. Others joined in the row, with the result that Swanson was shot in the forehead and badly wounded. Carl Tindberg was shot in the stomach and Charles C. Allen was wounded. The strangers then fled. It is presumed a robbery was contemplated.

Colony Property Sold.
A big deal has practically been closed at Crivitz, Marinette county. H. Zeck, the colonist and capitalist, has sold his interests there to a Chicago colonization company for \$100,000. The sale includes the sawmills, timber and farming lands and other property which he owned there. The new concern will immediately locate 150 Polish farmers around Crivitz.

Will of Andrew Tainter.
The will of Capt. Andrew Tainter, as filed in Menomonie, in disposing of an estate estimated at about \$800,000 shows bequests aggregating \$300,000 to members of the family, relatives and friends. Banking interests in the firm of A. Tainter & Son are left to the son, Louis S. Tainter. The homestead and other property go to the widow.

Death of a Pioneer.
Col. C. A. Merritt died at Merrittsville, aged 71. He was the founder of the village of Merrittsville. He went there in 1849 and was postmaster from 1878 to June, 1899. He served in the civil war with company I, First Wisconsin heavy artillery.

Pink Eye Epidemic.
Pink eye is epidemic among horses in Oshkosh and there have been several fatal cases, one horse dropping dead upon the street. There is considerable alarm felt, as the city has suffered from this dangerous and deadly equine plague before.

The News Condensed.
There were six incendiary fires in Stevens Point in one day. The buildings included the Cerran house, which is the leading hotel, and a large residence owned by Peter Kelly.

John Gensett, aged 23, of Oshkosh, committed suicide by shooting himself. He had just returned from Valparaiso, Ind., where he had been a student in dentistry.

M. J. Kendschl, of Prairie du Sac, has been appointed poor commissioner for Sauk county to fill the unexpired term of Samuel Kliner, deceased.

The Barron county board has voted to build a courthouse in Barron at a cost of \$15,000.

William E. Sawyer, of La Crosse, one of the most prominent and wealthiest young lumbermen of the northwest, died at Pine Bluff, Ark.

The St. Croix county board has voted to build a new courthouse in Hudson at a cost of \$20,000.

The county clerk of Outagamie county has issued \$10 licenses to hunters.

J. J. Darland was elected by the La Crosse county board as trustee of the county insane asylum to succeed F. H. Smith.

An advance of 25 cents a day has been given the employees in the iron foundry of John Torrance & Son in La Crosse.

Charles Manley, aged 38, a well-known farmer of the town of Sun Prairie, died suddenly of heart disease. He had been to the village and died in his wagon while on the way home.

The Eau Claire county board has voted to borrow \$75,000 to build a county insane asylum.

CUT TO PIECES.

British Troops in the Sudan Slay, Dervish Leaders and End a Long and Bloody War.

Cairo, Nov. 27.—Lord Cromer, the British minister here, has received the following dispatch from Gen. Kitchener:

"Wingate's force caught up with Khalifa's force seven miles southwest of Gondokoro and attacked it. After a sharp battle the Khalifa's force was routed and he fled in a bodyguard of emirs, was killed, and all the principal emirs were killed or captured, except Osman Digna, who escaped."

The Dervishes were utterly defeated, their whole camp was taken and thousands surrendered. A large number of women, children and cattle also fell into the hands of the Anglo-Egyptian force.

The story of the war in the Sudan is that of a long and bloody struggle between a fanatical, barbarous and religiously fanatic black race, the Dervishes, and the British. In the early days the atrocities of the Turkish traders in the Sudan compelled Egypt, then dependent upon Turkey, to call upon England for help. "Gordon" was sent as governor general of the Sudan in 1896. He was a man of great energy and courage. Taxation was satisfactorily arranged, but the Sudanese mind was impregnated with desire for revenge for the wrongs suffered in slavery. Mohammed Achmet, calling himself "El Mahdi," took advantage of the discontent, preached deliverance, and assembled a host of followers. He then turned to the British. In 1898 Gordon was killed in 1898. In 1898 British and Egyptian troops under Hicks Pasha were annihilated on an expedition into the desert from Khartoum. Other expeditions met a similar fate. England was humiliated. General Kitchener was ordered to take the Sudan back to England, only to meet a tragic death. Sir Francis Grenfell acted as commanding general from 1897 to 1899, which saw the siege of Shamki by the Sudanese, and the engagements of Gamarah and Tokki. In the latter of which Grenfell was killed. The Sudanese were a young officer of engineers, who in 1892 was given the command as sirdar. It was Kitchener. Here he began that slow, sure, relentless march along the Nile which resulted in the terrible overthrow of the black hosts at Omdurman and the capture of Khartoum. The Dervish forces were routed to pieces, but the crafty Khalifa, with many of his emirs and several thousand followers, escaped. Since that time an Anglo-Egyptian army has kept up a relentless pursuit, the climax of which has just been reached. Whether Osman Digna, whose name is a natural synonym for a black market, will again attempt to rally the followers of the black flag remains to be seen.

TOOK POISON.
"Brave Bill" Anthony, of Battle Ship Maine fame, commits suicide in New York.

New York, Nov. 25.—William Anthony, better known as "Brave Bill" Anthony, died at the Presbyterian hospital Friday, half an hour after he had swallowed a quantity of opium at one of the Central park entrances. He was the man who on February 15, 1898, when the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, reported to Capt. Sigbee in the famous words: "Sir, I have the honor to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking." On his return to this country Anthony was accorded receptions everywhere. He received many invitations from cities to be their guest. For months he traveled over the country, being accorded the honors of a hero. When his leave of absence was ended Anthony was promoted to be a sergeant of marines, and was detailed at the Brooklyn navy yard. In one of Anthony's coat pockets was found a letter written by him to his aunt, which read that he was discouraged and despondent and was going to end it all. Among the articles found was a picture of his one-month-old child, on the back of which was written: "Hurry this with me." A Spanish-American war medal, such as all survivors of the battleship Maine received, was also found.

Baptist Hymn Writer Dead.
New York, Nov. 27.—Rev. Dr. Robert Lowery, a prominent Baptist minister and author of many religious hymns, died at his home in Plainfield, N. J. He was 75 years old. Dr. Lowery was the composer of the well-known hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," and many others equally popular.

A Brutal Crime.
Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 24.—The horribly mutilated bodies of a woman and her three children were found at their home on a small farm about a mile from the town of Montgomery, this county. The husband of the woman is thought to have been the murderer. He is missing.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Nov. 27.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle	11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Hogs	10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
Sheep	10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
FLOUR—Wheat	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 4	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 5	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 6	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 7	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 8	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 9	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 10	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 11	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
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WHEAT—No. 99	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
WHEAT—No. 100	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2

THE NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

Entered at the Postoffice at Rhineland, Wis., as second class matter.

A MUTUALITY OF FEELING.

The feeling existing between Admiral George Dewey and a majority of the American people as it stands at the present time, is mutual with no signs of relentment from animosity. The thinking people naturally became incensed at the disposition the admiral made of the home presented him for his gallant victory. Mr. Dewey in turn is just about frantic over the attitude of his fellow countrymen toward him.

Apparently, Dewey discovered his mistake and the attempt to make amends by having Mrs. Dewey transfer the home to his son George, only renewed the attack. This deal is practically the same in the eyes of people, for it does not change the principle. The junior Dewey is entitled to the home in his name no more than his step-mother; perhaps not as much. The whole affair is so complicated that an anxious public is entirely at sea for a just explanation. The failure to uncover the mysterious acts does not shatter nor subdue the belief that a serious blunder was made.

To sum up the situation, it might be said that a series of mistakes have been made, in which the hero worshippers of the nation are primarily responsible and Dewey's act is only secondary. In the first place, the idolizers made a grave mistake in presenting such a tribute to Mr. Dewey, as they have done on similar occasions in the past. The recipient had gained ample recompense for performing his sworn duty in defending the integrity and honor of his country. It was far, very far from empty honor. The generous orations on every hand was sufficient evidence of appreciation for the victory won. It was all and more than Dewey asked. These are mistakes that all will admit, and bears out the statement that the American people are primarily responsible for the imposition perpetrated upon the subscribers to the Dewey home fund.

Mr. Dewey, in giving vent to his resentment, has said things quite unbecoming a gentleman of his stand-

ing, in view of the fact that he had previously said: "I do not intend to arraign the entire American people for the acts of a few." In an interview he is quoted as saying: "I owe a great deal to the American people and perhaps the American people owe something to me," and in the same breath adds: "But, thank God, the American people don't own me and I am still independent. If I feel tomorrow as I feel now, I would cut it all, throw up everything, go on the retired list and go abroad." Like in the second transfer of the home, an attempt is again made to make amends by using the following less harsh language: "When the American people wanted me to command a fleet and sail into Manila harbor, I did my duty as I saw it and as I believe a soldier would, and if they want me now or at any future time to command a fleet, my life and my sword are at the disposal of my country."

Notwithstanding the erroneous belief of Mr. Dewey, that he was doing a "gracious act" toward his bride, the controversy in its progression toward the goal of enlightenment, causes a feeling of sympathy. But, if the admiral is the great man he is estimated to be, it is no more than just that he should be censured, for great men seldom make great mistakes.

This is a lesson to the American people that they should profit by for all time to come. It teaches us the fickleness of idolatry and hero idolizing, which, if continued, would soon render the United States on a par with the nonsensical customs of this characters now in vogue in England, which have made that country the laughing stock of the more sober nations for ages past.

Gov. Scofield has completed his tour of inspection of the state institutions, which was for the purpose of picking out the flaws in management, if any existed. The governor found none, he says. The successful management of these institutions is due to the fact that they were taken out of politics, adds the chief executive.

It is announced that Ex-Assemblyman Geo. W. Taylor, of Marinette, is an aspirant for congressional honors and will seek the nomination at the hands of the Republican party

in hopes of representing the Ninth congressional district in the halls of congress. Ex-Assemblyman J. C. Marsh, of Clark county, also has the feeling.

The Milwaukee Sentinel's resentment to the scented abuse heaped upon Admiral Dewey can be traced to a cause that perhaps many had forgotten. A few will no doubt remember that the Sentinel took an active part in steering the Wisconsin end of the home fund subscription.

The Chicago girl, Miss her feet, who is to make her debut on the stage, and bases her conceit on the fact that her grandpa was mysteriously murdered, should be assigned the role of an idiot, which would most suit her natural talent.

The result of republican rule is pretty tough on manufacturers and many are considering the wisdom of voting the democratic ticket. Labor is so scarce, you know.

We stop the press to announce that William Jennings Bryan and his few co-workers are yet finding "comfort" in the events of a few weeks ago.

Did it ever occur to you that the girls with the prettiest teeth are the most anxious to show appreciation of a joke.

Lives of some great men occasionally remind us we can make our lives sublime—if we don't follow their footsteps.

In the Amusement World

The Grand opera house was well filled last Friday evening with local theatre-goers to witness the presentation of Willis' "Countdown 400," a rag time opera. While the performance in its entirety could not be termed a grand success, there were nevertheless features that stuck out prominently above the objectionable ones which usually go to make up that class of entertainment, and were the result of forcing many an open countenance. One redeeming feature was that the performance did not drag, but on the contrary everything was kept on the move and there were no dull moments. In their attempt at witicism and to be "cute," several ancient jokes were cracked, though possibly not heard lately and a few were of the objectionable character. A portion of the

singing was very good, especially that by the quartette, of which the audience enthusiastically demanded more. The dancing by Yager and Kelley, styled "Professors of Coonology," was about the best that ever happened, at least it was the best ever seen on the local stage. Charles Arnold, the colored comedian, was very clever and was greatly in evidence.

Angell's Comedians will open a week's engagement at the Grand opera house, beginning next Monday evening in a repertoire of first-class attractions. At Geomortonsville, this company delighted the audiences and the Reporter pays them the following compliment:

"J. S. Angell's Comedians have been playing to large and delighted audiences at Turner opera house this week. Those who have attended speak in warm praise of the histrionic talent of various members of the company and of their repertoire, which consists of clean, up-to-date plays. The company will have a cordial welcome on a return engagement. The present is Mr. Angell's sixth professional visit to Oconto and he is always pleased with his reception."

"In Gay Paris" is with us—Thanksgiving day. Now let us all turn out and see the show, for it had a run of three months in New York last winter and was pronounced by press and public as one of the best shows of the season and they know what they are talking about for Gummage and Donthitt are the leading comedians of this attraction and there must be fun. They will be remembered as being the stars in "Finnegan's Hall."

A PLEASANT AFTERNOON RECEPTION.

Mrs. Harley Woodland and Mother, Mrs. T. J. Owen Entertain Friends.

A very pleasant reception was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Harley Woodland and her mother, Mrs. T. J. Owen at the home of the latter. Eighty-five of the friends of the ladies were entertained in a most hospitable manner and the afternoon was one that will long be remembered by the company present. The home was beautifully decorated, consisting chiefly of yellow chrysanthemums. Mesdames Sam Walker and C. C. Bronson assisted in receiving the guests. Delightful refreshments were served in a faultless manner, the following young ladies acting as caterers: Lou Stevens, Eva Kemp, Abbie Smith and Winnie Joslin.

Special See The Rates.

From St. Paul and Minneapolis to the East:
Boston, Mass. \$19.00
Montreal, Que. 17.00
New York, N. Y. 17.00
Toronto, Ont. 17.00
Other points at proportionate rates. For particulars see any Soo Line agent or write W. R. Callaway, G. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

B. K. Goffler is making extensive improvements on the Bastain residence, which he recently purchased.

AN ATTEMPTED MURDER

Joseph Wieseler Held on the Charge of Assaulting His Wife With Intent to Kill—Trial Next Monday.

Joseph Wieseler was placed under arrest last Saturday evening by Officer Morris Doyle on the serious charge of assaulting his wife with intent to kill. He is now held in the county jail awaiting trial, his examination having taken place last Monday in the municipal court.

Mrs. Wieseler can thank her lucky star that she is alive to tell the story, judging from her own words. On the evening of the assault, the intended victim, excitedly ran to the home of Mr. Doyle with the weapon in her hands, which had been wrenched from her husband's grasp, who had cocked the trigger and deliberately aimed the gun at his wife. By a most fortunate coincidence the cartridge did not explode when the trigger was pulled. With unusual presence of mind, Mrs. Wieseler fought desperately to save her life.

Wieseler will be examined as to his sanity, it being believed by some that his mind is unbalanced.

Star Lake.

Mrs. L. Borchert gave an afternoon tea at her home, Wednesday.

The Ladies Aid society gave a basket social Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Sunday school.

Marion Wilson entertained about twelve of her little friends on Saturday p. m., it being her sixth birthday.

W. R. Kelley departed for his home in Chicago the middle of the week.

The Plum Lake school opened Thursday with Miss May Muir as teacher.

For Sale.

Four heavy draft horses, three tote sleighs, two box stoves and two heating stoves for water tanks, one plow and other material owned by the Atlas Lumber Co. Inquire of Geo. O'Donnell, Lake View House, Rhineland, Wis.

Lee Abbott met with an unfortunate accident last Monday afternoon. While Abbott and Len Markham were wrestling on the High school grounds, Abbott fell in such a manner as to break his collar bone in two places.

M. E. Church Announcements.

Regular preaching services at the usual hours in the morning and evening. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6:30. Midweek prayer meeting as usual Thursday evening. J. P. Hamilton, the famous blind lecturer, will speak in the church Monday evening, Dec. 4. Subject: "What a Blind Man Saw in Europe." See bills.

For Sale.

Frame house, two story, containing sixteen rooms, located one block from Rapids House. For sale at a reasonable price. Terms easy. Inquire of E. P. Brennan.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others.

Why Not You.

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Abraham L. MILLETT, N. H. For sale by Andler & Hinman.

Episcopal Church.

Services at St. Augustine's Mission church are as follows: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8:30 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday School at noon; evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 p. m.

On the first Sunday of the month there will be no early Communion, but a late celebration of the Eucharistic service instead at 10:30 a. m.

Every one gladly welcomed to all services. C. M. HIRNBERG, Pastor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, LAND OFFICE AT WAUWATON, WIS.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhineland, Wis., on January 6, 1900, viz: Edward Kaufman, heir of Jacob Kaufman, deceased, who made H. E. No. 1237 for the SW 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 25, and E 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 29, T. 25 N. 15 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Emory Hamlin, Walter Krieger, George Ames, D. E. Bellamy, all of Rhineland, Wis. G-25041 EDGAR T. WHEELER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, LAND OFFICE AT WAUWATON, WIS.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhineland, Wis., on January 6, 1900, viz: Warchuck, who made H. E. No. 625 for the NE 1/4, Sec. 2, T. 25 N. 15 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: F. E. Tripp, Merila Hunter, C. A. Grima, J. Marlow, all of Robbins, Wis. G-25041 EDGAR T. WHEELER, Register.

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All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 45 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 50 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 45 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
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The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique original work—no other has anything like them—no practical, no scientific. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chickens, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

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Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILLS.
Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.
WILMER ATKINSON, CHAS. F. JENKINS, Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOFF

BY FRED WHISHAW
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[CONTINUED]
"My dear sir, you travel" said the student coolly. "Your father's fate is, of course, of little interest to me, excepting in so far as—out of compliment to yourself—I should like to see so polite a friend as you have proved yourself gratified. But neither is Andre's fate of any interest to me. To me it is nothing whether he lives in this palace or in Sakhalin. I have no personal affection for him. To prove that I do not wish to screen him, I invite you to go as soon as you please to the nearest pristaf of police, tell him the whole story and see what he will say. You will not, of course, mention me, or give any hint of my existence, or, indeed, speak of the details of your father's capture, and so on. Tell them simply that their recapture of Korniloff on such and such a day was a blunder, that they took this wrong man and that the right man is at this moment in your house. See what the pristaf will say. He will laugh in your face."
"And if he does, if he and his superiors refuse to set the thing right, am I to concur tamely in their decision? Not I, my friend. I will go to the czar himself, but I will see justice done to my dear father!"
"There will be no need to go to the czar," laughed the student. "Go to a lesser man, though perhaps as worthy a one. Go—or rather come back—to me. I shall have something to propose, only there must be another arrangement in this event—and another check!"

CHAPTER XXIV. THE COURT'S EXILE TO SIBERIA.

"Do you mean," I said, "that you will be able to provide evidence that this man Andre is the convict Korniloff and not my father?"
"Perhaps," said the student, smiling conceitedly.

"It is ridiculous," I cried hotly, "to suppose that the police will refuse to accept the evidence of a man's own wife and child and will believe yours for the asking."
"It may be ridiculous, but the police never admit a blunder if they can make any one else suffer for it instead of themselves. As for my part in the business, you forget that I possess information of various kinds with regard to Andre, which might be useful and even important to them and might throw a light on this matter."

"I see," I said. "But I shall be both surprised and disgusted if it proves to be as you say, and the authorities refuse to believe our evidence. I shall leave you now and consult my friends. I believe your story as to father's capture; so you may consider your check safe. At the same time you are to remain where you are until other matters are settled. You have no objection to continuing as my guest?"

"So long as my safety is guaranteed I shall be charmed to remain," said the student. "Does Andre enjoy the run of the house? He must not see me or know that I am here. He would murder me, and your cause would be ruined."

"He shall not come here or know of your presence. I shall see that only trusted persons are aware that I have an acquaintance staying in the house."

"Good! See that the same wine is served to me, like the generous host you are, and plenty of it!" He thought the last words at me as I left the room.

"I shall have you watched, my fine fellow," I said to myself as I hurried away to confide my great news to Percy and Borofsky. "For you are a pearl of great price." And I may say in this place that from this time until—well, until certain things had happened, either Percy or Borofsky or I was constantly on duty in the passage outside the student's room, both to see that he did not attempt to escape and to guard against surprises from without. Andre being a kind of lunatic that one must suspect and fear all times.

I found Borofsky and Percy playing billiards.

"Well!" cried the latter. "What luck?" Both heard Borofsky laid down their cues and waited for me to speak. Now that I was here and my heart bursting with the news I had to tell them, I was unable to utter a single word. I suppose I dreaded being discouraged. I had formed lofty hopes so many times and on each occasion they had been dashed from me that I suppose I feared to be told by Borofsky that all this which my student had told me was more humbug; that he had taken me in and there was not a word of truth in his story.

"You'll probably say it's all a tissue of lies," I hinted at length, with difficulty.

"That's extremely probable," said Borofsky, who had been soiled of late by his ill successes and was not in the best of humors.

"At any rate, old man, we'll consider it in its bearings," said Percy. "Three heads are better than one, though I admit yours is not such a bad one. Is it so very incredible?"

"On the contrary, I don't think it is so at all," I said. "But Borofsky may with his detective order of mind, and I simply dread to tell there's nothing in it—because—"

"Well—because what?" said Borofsky. "I shall criticize. It is my duty. But I shall be only too glad to recognize a real clew!"

"I think it is a real clew, and I that I now know what became of my poor father," I said. "You see, the student couldn't have known that we—"

"Stop! You forget that we should like to hear the tale itself before listening to your comments on it," laughed

Borofsky.
Then I told them as clearly as I could, and without the circumlocution that my conceited student garnished the tale with, how father had been cruelly and wickedly entrapped and substituted for a wretch who was wanted by the police, and how the police had fallen into the ambush prepared for them, and had in all probability deported father to Siberia, while Andre was left to live in luxury and freedom.

I paused when I had finished the story. Then, "Great Caesar!" murmured Percy.



"Nonsense!" said Borofsky. "She shall not pay him another penny!"

murmured Percy. Borofsky meditated in silence.

"Well, Borofsky," I said presently. "don't keep me in suspense. I long to hear your opinion. Is the tale true or a tissue of lies?"

"Stop!" said Borofsky. "Did you tell the rascal anything of your journey to Erinozka and your finding of a clew there?"

I reflected a moment. "No," I said. "I don't think I did. I'm sure I didn't." "Ah! Then the tale is true," said Borofsky. "for it fits in with that which we know, unless, of course, he was sharp enough to put two and two together and build his tale on the rumors he may have heard of our researches at Erinozka. His precious society, or brotherhood, or gang of thieves, or whatever you like to call it, may have heard of our being on the scent there, even though it were not they who murdered the wretched little peasant who brought you information."

"No," said Percy. "The Erinozka bit belongs all right; it is part of our affair. The little peasant told us a true tale and suffered death for it. Who murdered him? Why, these infernal rascals; possibly the student himself. The story is consistent. Borofsky, from beginning to end, Boris has got hold of the right reed at last. You were after him, I know, for weeks, and therefore the credit is yours as much as his; but Boris it was that nabbed him. Well done, Boris, old boy! You deserve your success. Glad, Borofsky! You wouldn't have gone in after the fellow into an ice hole! Come, would you now?"

Borofsky, pleased with the compliment conveyed in the earlier part of the sentence, smiled acquiescence.

"I don't think I would," he said. "I can't swim. Yes," he continued, "the story sounds consistent enough, and it may be that our little rascal has come over, body and soul, into the enemy's camp."

"And no wonder either, I should say," said Percy. "since they starved him in the other, while we offer him food and raiment and shakels of gold and of silver. This student knows which side of his bread is well jammed!"

"The thing is, could the police have been such utter blots as this would prove them," I said. "and, again, if they have blundered, will they acknowledge their blunder and allow poor father to come back?"

"The police blunder often enough," said Borofsky. "There would be nothing extraordinary in that. They would have drugged the count, of course—Andre & Co. I mean—so that he could not protest his innocence when arrested; at any rate, not in a comprehensible manner. As for whether the police will admit their blunder, that remains to be seen. We must interview the pristaf who arrested him. The student will tell you which district the house lay in."

"And if they simply laugh in our faces, as my fellow says they probably will, what then?"

"Then, apparently, he has another card up his sleeve," said Borofsky. "and since he seems to be very proud of it and very anxious to produce it for a wage we may hope it is a trump."

"If it is the key that will unlock father's secret and bring him back to his own," I said, "another will pay any amount for it and feed the little rascal like a fighting cock all his life besides."

"Nonsense!" said Borofsky quite angrily. "She shall not pay him another penny. This time he shall swallow the pill which is not gilded. I shall take him in hand myself. You have done well, Count Boris, but not too wisely!"

"Let's tackle the police first," I said. "There's no need to quarrel over the other matter yet awhile. I'll just go back and find out from my man the address of the house in which my father had been placed in order to be arrested, according to the scheme of Andre and his friends."

The student was in a bad humor. I found I had forgotten to send up wine. He complained.

"You shall have it presently," I promised, and I bade him tell me at once the address I required.

"Not till I have the wine!" said he. "You shall have it the instant you have told me," I replied angrily. "Do you think I grudge you the wine? What is it to me if you treat yourself with two bottles or three?"

"Not a word till I see the wine!" he replied obstinately.

Had he known it, his pigheadedness cost that student dear, for I then and there determined that his next secret, if required, should not be unlocked with a key of gold, as the first had been. Borofsky should squeeze it out of him.

The little fool seemed to forget or ignore that we had the terror side of him, if we cared to attack him at a disadvantage.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POLICE.

The student got his wine and I the required address. Some remark was made as to the length of time I had been in his room, but I said nothing of the undignified defeat I had suffered.

Then I went with Borofsky to the pristaf of the second ochastok of the Vassily Ostrof divisional police, leaving Percy on duty at home to hang about the passage and see that my friend the student was up to no mischief.

We found the pristaf at home and Borofsky did all the talking for our side, excepting when I was addressed and was obliged to answer.

The official looked coldly at us as we entered. Russian officials have a most disagreeable way. I have never seen any Muscovite in authority without this particular manner—a kind of disdainful and supercilious hauteur which neither affability nor humor nor gross flattery will penetrate, but only, occasionally—rather often—the almighty and all-penetrating ruffe.

"Yes!" said the pristaf.

"We have called," said Borofsky. "to consult you about a certain arrest effected by you or your men on or about the—"

"Stop!" said the pristaf. "Why have I to listen to this? Is the case still sub judice?"

"Yes and no," said Borofsky boldly. "It has been judged, or went without judgment; but it must be reopened."

"Who says so?"

"Those who have suffered injustice by it."

"Injustice! That is a foolish word to use in this place. Proceed. Who has suffered injustice—the delinquent?"

"The convicted, yes; he and others."

"Indeed! How so? He was convicted, you say, and, of course, punished. Has his innocence only now come to light?"

"It is not a matter of innocence and guilt, pristaf. A great blunder has been committed."

"A blunder! Dence take it, what blunder! Where—in this ochastok? It is impossible!"

"I admit that the department in this quarter is not to be suspected of blundering, as a rule," said Borofsky. "Justice reigns supreme in this ochastok and in the bosom of its enlightened pristaf, but this time you have been the victim of an organized conspiracy."

"Well, proceed," said the pristaf, not in the least flustered or softened by Borofsky's flattery. The fellow took it for what it was worth, and he knew the value of the compliments of those who came to make appeals at the police court.

"Proceed," he said. "We have blundered, but through no fault of our own. Some one has been too clever for us. Yes; proceed, sir."

"You must allow me to tell you the details of the affair, pristaf," said poor Borofsky, feeling that his remarks beat like waves upon the hard rock of this man's official impenetrability.

"Why should I?" said the pristaf.

"It is surely your duty to investigate matters which are declared to you to need investigation and to set right that which is wrong. Here is a case in which, as I say, a terrible mistake has been made."

"I am not the judge," said the pristaf coldly. "My duty is to carry out the instructions of my superiors and to keep order in my district."

"Nevertheless a word from you signifying that a mistake may have been made would cause those superiors to reconsider 'he matter which is concerned. On the other hand, should you refuse to say that word the court could scarcely raise any question unless influence and pressure were applied from without."

"Come. This is mere waste of time and idle talking," said the pristaf, looking closely at Borofsky and at me. I think he wished to discern whether he had cause to fear any such influence and pressure from without as Borofsky's words made hint of.

"I have no time to waste on such matters as you speak of. My experience is that blunders are invariably imaginary. The court knows its business, and we know ours. Why should we blunder? You say there has been an intrigue. Who are you?"

"Borofsky, private detective, engaged in this matter, which is more important than you appear to suppose, Mr. Pristaf, and which will go further than this court."

"So? A private detective—a young one indeed. The detective art is not to be learned in the nursery, young sir. And who is this other?"

"Count Boris Landrinoff," I said.

The pristaf distinctly winced.

"Oh!" he said. "The son of Count Vladimir, no doubt? What can the son of so eminent a person require in a police court?"

"That is what I wish to explain to you, pristaf, if you will allow me!" said Borofsky. "If you will turn back to the month of July last, you will find that you effected the arrest of a—"

"Stop! What has Count Landrinoff to do with all this?"

"May I not tell the story from the beginning?" said Borofsky. "It is impossible to explain all without beginning at the beginning."

"Stop—the date of this arrest?"

"Seventeenth of July of this year."

"Good! The place of arrest?"

Borofsky gave the name of the house as provided by the student. The pristaf turned back the pages of his day-book.

"Good again," he said. "Now, what is the mistake complained of? Is it you, Count Boris, who complains, or Count Vladimir himself?"

"It is I," I said. "I both complain, and I will move heaven and earth but you shall set right your blunder, pristaf. Never think you will frighten me

with your haughtiness!"

"Excuse me, count, but you have gone beyond me," said the pristaf. He spoke more politely to me than to Borofsky, but I could see that my words did not please him. "You have not yet explained the nature of the complaint. The name of the arrested on the day and at the address named was, I perceive, Korniloff, an escaped convict, a murderer and a rogue of the first water. Good! There is no doubt of his guilt, for he is known to have escaped from Siberian exile. He was tracked to St. Petersburg, arrested here and taken back to complete his sentence. There can scarcely be a mistake here. Indeed you have pitched upon a case, young sir, in which there can be less question of blunder than in any other almost in our sheets. It is not your father who complains, I understand, but yourself. Let me warn you that this is a dangerous case in which to interfere. Should you prove yourself interested in this Korniloff, the authorities would be obliged, in spite of respect for your parent and other considerations, to regard your future actions with suspicion and perhaps even to put a watch upon your doings. Now, then, what have you to complain of?"

"Speak for me, Borofsky," I said.

"No, excuse me. I will bear no complaint from any but the complainant himself."

"Very well, then," I said doggedly: "only he would have said it more politely than I, maybe. I complain, pristaf, that your fools of constables arrested the wrong man. You must have seen the prisoner?"

"Certainly," interrupted the pristaf. "Therefore you are as much to blame as they—perhaps more—and I warn you that unless you set the matter right, and at once, as I shall indicate, steps shall be taken to get justice done in another way, and in that case you shall not go unpunished."

"But, Holy Mother!" cried the pristaf, somewhat impressed, perhaps, by my earnestness. "What is all this to you, count? Even supposing that I had arrested the wrong delinquent—which I deny—how should you know of it, of all people you, and why should it interest you? As soon I would expect one of the

czar's sons to come to me with a similar tale. Now, in a word, supposing that we did not actually arrest this Korniloff—which, again I deny—we arrested another in his place. You are, then, interested in this other—is that it?"

"I am."

"Name him, then."

"Count Vladimir Landrinoff!" I said, playing my trump card as boldly as I could. I longed to impress this man with the seriousness of the affair he was inclined to treat so lightly. I would bluff him, frighten him, amaze him, but he should believe me and obey me!

The effect of my words upon the pristaf was certainly marked. He started and looked at me and then at Borofsky. Then he addressed himself to my companion.

"Is the young gentleman mad?" he asked.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DISCREDITED BY THE POLICE.

"The young gentleman is very far from mad," said Borofsky. "He is as sane as you or I, and, moreover, what he has said is strictly true. Your people arrested and deported the wrong man at the time and address given, and that man was Count Landrinoff."

"But, my dear sir," began the pristaf and paused. Then he touched a bell. An inspector entered so very quickly that there could be no doubt he had been stationed at the door listening.

"You know Count Landrinoff by sight, inspector, I believe?" said the pristaf.

"Exactly so," replied that official saluting.

"Is the count a well known character?"

"Exactly so, honor. How not? All the world knows Count Landrinoff."

"So. When did you last see the count?"

"This morning, honor."

"At what hour?"

"Eleven."

"Read me your report, or your notes, made at or after this encounter and handed in to my office later."

The inspector consulted his notebook. Then he cleared his throat and blew his nose. The inspector did not possess a pocket handkerchief, or, if he did, he had left it at home or pawned it. Russian policemen regard with contempt the flimsy ways of those who possess pocket handkerchiefs and carry them about. Then he read:

"This morning, as I passed through the Fourth line, at the far end, by the Small prospect, I observed Count Landrinoff, with whom I am slightly acquainted. I greeted him, and we entered into conversation."

"Is the young gentleman mad?" he asked.

"No, my dear sir," began the pristaf and paused. Then he touched a bell. An inspector entered so very quickly that there could be no doubt he had been stationed at the door listening.

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"This morning, as I passed through the Fourth line, at the far end, by the Small prospect, I observed Count Landrinoff, with whom I am slightly acquainted. I greeted him, and we entered into conversation."

"Is the young gentleman mad?" he asked.

"No, my dear sir," began the pristaf and paused. Then he touched a bell. An inspector entered so very quickly that there could be no doubt he had been stationed at the door listening.

"You know Count Landrinoff by sight, inspector, I believe?" said the pristaf.

"Exactly so," replied that official saluting.

"Is the count a well known character?"

"Exactly so, honor. How not? All the world knows Count Landrinoff."

"So. When did you last see the count?"

"This morning, honor."

"At what hour?"

"Eleven."

"Read me your report, or your notes, made at or after this encounter and handed in to my office later."

The inspector consulted his notebook. Then he cleared his throat and blew his nose. The inspector did not possess a pocket handkerchief, or, if he did, he had left it at home or pawned it. Russian policemen regard with contempt the flimsy ways of those who possess pocket handkerchiefs and carry them about. Then he read:

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At this point I interrupted the recital. "Stop!" I said. "Explain how and when you made the count's acquaintance."

"Is it necessary, honor?" asked the fellow, glancing at his superior. "Oh! You may enlighten the gentleman," said the priest, shrugging his shoulders.

"I was then a plain gendarme, a town constable, and held the count's horse on a certain occasion when the animal was restive. For this service his excellency gave me the sum of 1 ruble. He knew me afterward whenever we met and occasionally presented me with a gratuity on such occasions as Easter and New Year."

"And he knew you this time?" I asked. The inspector winced slightly. I saw it plainly enough, and so did Borofsky, but he replied that the count never failed to recognize him.

"You are sure he knew you?" said Borofsky, looking keenly at the man. "Let me have mercy!" exclaimed the fellow. "Have I not said so? He recognized me, and we conversed. Here is the conversation. I have it down in my notes. I said: 'Excellent, we do not often see you in these parts of the town. Do you walk for pleasure?' To which the count replied that one of the servants, a groom, had been taken ill and was lying sick in his lodging up one in the fourth and by the little Nera, and he came occasionally to inquire after the poor fellow."

"Your excellency was always kind hearted and generous," I replied, and the count gave me a gratuity and departed.

"How much?" asked Borofsky. "Twenty kopecks," said the fellow. "Ah!" exclaimed Count Borofsky. "Not the usual rate, eh?"

The fellow winced again. "I did not say that I always received a ruble," he said. "The amount depends upon the services performed."

"Hah!" exclaimed Borofsky. "The service performed today was a great one, my friend, for you neglected to arrest this impostor, which would have been your plain duty. Confess that you were in doubt whether he was in truth Count Landrinoff or another, that he did not recognize you at first and that you were surprised to receive 20 kopecks instead of the usual ruble?"

"Bah!" said the priest. "This is mere foolishness. It is enough, inspector, you can leave the room." "You see, gentlemen," he continued, when the man had departed, closing the door after him, "that there can be no mistake. I, myself, as it happens, have seen the count enter his very house, his own mansion. It is scarcely a week since I saw him with my own eyes."

"But, my dear sir," said Borofsky, "all this does not advance the matter in the least. We do not contest that a certain individual, sufficiently like the Count Landrinoff to be mistaken for him by those who are not intimately acquainted with the count, is at present living and passing himself off as Count Landrinoff, at his excellency's own mansion."

"What! Without permission of the family?" interrupted the priest, "of the countess and of this young gentleman, his son? No, my dear sir, you ask me to believe a thing which is impossible."

"On the contrary," said Borofsky, stamping his foot with vexation, "with their permission and concurrence. If you will kindly listen without interruption I will make the matter clear from the beginning. The man now passing as Count Landrinoff was received into the house under a misconception. The count disappeared last July. He disappeared utterly and no trace of him could be found until word was received that he had been seen in London."

"You appeared, of course, to the police for assistance in your difficulty?" said the priest.

"It was the wish of the countess to dispense with the service of the police, because she was naturally desirous of keeping the family trouble as secret as possible."

The priest smiled incredulously and shrugged his shoulders. "Proceed," he said.

"I was then dispatched to England in order to induce the supposed count to return," continued Borofsky. "Being personally unacquainted with his excellency, I was taken in by him and actually assisted in attempting to foist him upon the countess and her son as the real count. On arrival, however, the impostor no longer attempted to carry on the deception. He admitted that he was not himself the count, but that, if permitted to pass for awhile as his excellency and to inhabit rooms in his mansion and to receive certain payments in money, he would in return make over to the countess certain secrets as to the fate of her husband which she could not otherwise learn excepting through his good offices, practically admitting that he was, in fact, that very Andre whom we submit, you believe your man to have arrested on that fatal July afternoon."

"So that the countess has permitted this person to live in her house and to pass as the count for long—two months, more or less—in order that she may in the end induce him to part with secrets which must inevitably end his period of prosperity and also his freedom? A likely story indeed, my dear sir, and likelier still that this man, if he were Andre, would so disclose his secrets!"

"We have cherished hopes that, failing his good will, we may find means to compel him to make a confession," said Borofsky.

"Do you then, and afterward return to me," said the priest. "But stay," he added. "Whence this marvelous tale, then, of the arrest of Count Landrinoff in mistake for this other individual? Did you not say that Andre Landrinoff—supposing it were he—had boasted that he alone was able to reveal the secret of the count's fate? He has not revealed it. I understand. Yet you

know the facts. Explain this." "We discovered the truth accidentally from another source," said Borofsky.

"Ah, the truth! Yes. Well, gentlemen, I am obliged to you for this most interesting—nay, thrilling—narrative, which I have found very entertaining. I regret that I cannot accept it without support. May this unexpected source that you speak of be examined by me for confirmation of your report?"

"It is impossible," said Borofsky. "We—" "Ah, I thought so. Good morning, gentlemen. I shall be glad to see you when you have something a little more definite, and if I may say so, a little more plausible and credible, to lay before me."

"We shall report to your superior, Mr. Pri-taf," said Borofsky angrily. "No doubt, and so shall I," said the priest, bowing as politely to the door.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE POLICE MAKE INQUIRIES.

Borofsky and I were both too angry to speak much as we left the priest's office.

The fellow, as Borofsky explained it, simply reeked of bullying officialdom. He was just the kind of person of whom nothing is to be expected in Russia, a man who will either really believe or pretend to believe his own ironically expressed opinions in defiance of every canon of right and equity. "If a man like that," said Borofsky, "happens to blunder, as he has, he'll move heaven and earth to conceal his mistake. He will lie and intrigue and put obstacles in the way of truth, and if he can help it, right will never be done unless we get at his obstinate conscience with a golden key."

"Well, man, he shall have what he likes. You know that!" I said angrily. "If you thought this, why didn't you say so at the time? We'd have offered him enough to keep him a year. It isn't a question of economy; you know that!"

"There's time enough for bribing when we can't beat the rascal on our merits," said Borofsky. "Don't forget that our little student has another card up his sleeve."

We went, presently, to the department itself, and here we interviewed a greater man.

Very courteous and affable was this gentleman. We recapitulated our story, with the added complaint that the priest would do nothing for us. "What would you have him do?" asked the great man. "He cannot forthwith undo the arrest of July last upon your bare assertion. Inquiries will, however, be made. The countess must be examined."

"Oh, no!" I interrupted. "Please not—not just yet, at any rate! Let the matter proceed a little further toward solution."

The great one shrugged his shoulders. "I respect your desire to spare your mother," he said, "but the matter cannot go very far without the testimony of the countess. The count must be examined—be, I mean, who is now passing, as you contend, for the count. All sides must be heard. I may believe your tale—which is extraordinary—or I may not, but I can take no steps upon it until a thorough inquiry has been held. You will admit that this is so?"

"We admit that, excellency," said Borofsky. "You informed the priest, of course, as to the source from which you have obtained your version of the arrest—the thunder as you term it—of July?" continued the official. "We shall be obliged to examine into the authenticity of this source."

Borofsky flushed. "I regret," he stammered, "that it is at present impossible for us to reveal it," he said. "My young friend has made, unfortunately, a promise of secrecy."

"Oh, but," exclaimed the great man, "pardon me, young Count Landrinoff, but if we are to seek truth we must probe all hiding places for her! You do not seriously suppose that you are to be at liberty to reveal what you please and to conceal also what you think fit? This is a matter of screening one, I suppose, who has been concerned in possibly criminal enterprises."

"I know nothing of my informant," I said; "not even his name."

"Nor his address?" "Nor his address!"—I hesitated, blushing.

"Nor where he is to be found at present?" he added, looking keenly in my face.

"I did not say that," I faltered.

"Very well," said the official, slightly smiling, as I thought. "We shall do our best. I shall communicate with the priest. Inquiries shall shortly be instituted. It is fair to tell you that your story should be easily proved if matters are indeed as you say. But the tale is somewhat incredible. The police—the Russian police in the higher branches—rarely blunder. Much will depend upon the count—or impostor—and the manner in which he passes through the interrogations to which he will be subjected."

"He will have a version of his own, excellency, that is certain. He will be plausible. You will be prepared for that," said Borofsky.

"We have to deal with many liars in this department," smiled the official. "We seek the truth through sundry obstacles till we find it. It is our duty to believe nothing until it has been proved. That is why I should recommend our young friend here to reconsider his benevolent desire to screen an acquaintance."

"An acquaintance!" I repeated indignantly. "I would scorn to acknowledge the little rascal as an acquaintance. I met him by the merest accident."

"And will scorn to meet him again?" said our friend, slightly smiling.

"I shall see him no more when once I have finished with him," I said hotly, "and shall consider myself well rid of him."

As we left the department Borofsky pinched my arm. "You'll be shadowed after this, Count Boris," he whispered, laughing. "You have done it this time."

"Why?" I growled. "What have I done?" "Why, naturally they'll want to find out who your 'little rascal' is, and you'll be followed about for his sake. Let him go, like a wise man. Squeeze his news out of him and let them grab him when and where they like. Fiat justitia!"

"He is safe while in our house," I said. "Afterward he may go hang, for all I care."

"Which is the wisest thing you have yet said in connection with this atrocious little scandal?" said Borofsky. "It's a thousand pities you gave him 5,000 rubles, but, after all, giving him a check for the amount is a vastly different thing from paying him cash down! He'll never cash that check!"

"Why not?" I asked in surprise. "He won't dare, at first, and the police will grab him before he makes up his mind. You are to be shadowed, remember, and that means that the house will be watched. Naturally, they'll have him in no time."

Just as we reached our house some one ran hurriedly down the steps, jumped into a drosky standing close by and drove away. I did not notice him particularly.

"Did you see who that was?" whispered Borofsky, joggling my arm. "I wonder what he's been at! He has not lost much time anyway."

"Why, who was it?" I said. "Not the student escaping? We must!"

"Bah! Nonsense! The student knows when he is well off. A squad of soldiers wouldn't drive him out of the place now! It was our friend the priest."

"The priest?" I repeated. "I thought he had refused to have anything to do with the affair and disappeared from sight to finish!"

"Well, there it is, or, rather, there he is!" said Borofsky. "And, what's more, I think we may expect that things will now buzz a bit."

CHAPTER XXVIII. THINGS BEGIN TO BUZZ.

Things—as I have taken the liberty to translate Borofsky's Russian expression—did begin to buzz almost from this moment.

Several exciting and very important events took place during the next few hours, but the chief actor in these, on our side at least, was Borofsky, and it is his movements that must now be followed for a little while, while I stand aside as a mere narrator.

Borofsky became the principal actor because he absolutely refused to allow me to have any further dealings with the student. I did not know how to manage the little wretch, he declared, for I treated him as an equal, entitled to consideration and respect, as an individual to be accorded his share of the rights and privileges of civilization, and this was quite the wrong attitude to take up with such people. The fellow was an outlaw, he had lost his rights to the blessings of citizenship, he was a scavenger out that came and fed by night upon the offscourings of society. It was ridiculous to treat such an individual like a decent Christian.

"Well, take him in hand!" I laughed. "Only don't squeeze his 5,000 rubles out of the poor wretch. He came by that fairly enough!"

And so it happened that I retired, for the present, from the front line of the fight, and allowed Borofsky to carry the colors in my place. Borofsky lost no time about boarding the wolf. He went straight to the student's room.

"Now," he said, "young man, do you know me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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D. F. Johnson was up from Monday.

Hot lunch at the Q. P. saloon tonight. Free.

Free hot lunch at the Q. P. saloon every night.

Free hot turkey lunch at the Q. P. saloon Saturday night.

E. S. Shepard was a visitor at Wausau one day last week.

Atty. A. W. Shelton was a visitor at Eagle River last week.

J. E. Buschman, of Chicago, was an over Sunday visitor here.

Mark Shafer was on the sick list the greater part of last week.

Carl Haslam, of Ogdensburg, Wis., is the guest of his brother, Rhinehart.

J. O. Moon returned Friday from a two days' business visit in Oshkosh.

Miss Blanche Harrington, of Tomahawk, is the guest of Miss Bulah Chase.

B. L. Miller was the guest of Wausau friends the greater part of last week.

Mrs. R. Paul, of Armstrong Creek, was a city visitor the first of the week.

Atty. D. H. Walker transacted legal business at Minocqua one day last week.

Judge J. M. Harrigan was in Chicago the latter part of last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford were down from Prescott Camp last Saturday.

Get one of those new Mack dress skirts at Fendler's, price \$2.00, \$3.25 and \$4.00.

Miss Gay Thompson returned Saturday, after a visit with friends at Star Lake.

The Congregational Ladies Aid society will meet next Wednesday evening, Dec. 6.

Mrs. Geo. Marks returned Saturday from a visit at points in central Wisconsin.

Miss Orpha Egloff was at Pelican Lake, Saturday, the guest of Miss Eva Kemp.

Rev. Walker occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church at Minocqua last Sunday.

Warren Reed has moved into the house vacated by Ed. Cain in the Sixth ward.

Bring in your feet and help us move our footwear. Cash Department Store.

Thanksgiving services will be held at the Baptist church this morning at 10:30 o'clock.

The M. waist is the best and it costs no more than inferior ones. Fendler's sells the genuine.

Col. and Mrs. P. H. Swift, of Rice Lake, are the guests of their son, W. L. Swift and family.

High mass will be held at St. Mary's church this (Thanksgiving) morning at 9 o'clock.

L. Larson, of Ogdensburg, Wis., is acting as blacksmith in one of Brown Robbins' logging camps.

St. Augustine's Guild will meet with Mrs. F. S. Iyer on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 6, at 3 o'clock.

The little 6 and 4 boy who had his foot taken off a month ago, is able to be around on crutches.

As yet, the obscure sheet has not advised us to bank up the house. They'll spring it, however.

Louis Goodsky, of Chetek, Barron county, is the guest of his brother, Frank Goodsky, this week.

According to The Merrill Advocate, typhoid fever and pneumonia are quite prevalent in that city.

Brown Bros. Lumber company has a camp in the city limits. They are putting in logs near the poor farm.

Mrs. F. Reed went to Minocqua the latter part of last week to remain a few days, the guest of her mother.

Why pay thirty-five cents for a pattern when you can get a good standard one for ten cents at Fendler's.

There is a tangle in the affairs of trade which "taken at its face" leads on to money saving. Cash Department Store.

Miss Jessie Mitchell, of Abbotford, arrived in the city Monday, remaining two days, the guest of Mrs. A. J. Lytle.

J. A. Cushman returned from Eagle River, Friday, after several days' visit, the guest of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Todd.

The north-bound passenger on the Northwestern road is delayed nearly every day, as a result of the heavy freight traffic.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. Perot last Friday night. Mother and child are progressing nicely.

Will Arnold will occupy the Art Rogers farm, east of the city, during the winter, Mr. Rogers having moved into the city.

Art Rogers, the local representative for D. Hammel & Co., Appleton horse dealers, received a carload of horses last Friday.

Mrs. Oscar Edwards went to Hazelhurst to visit her husband, who has a position as scaler in Yawkey's camp at that place.

Frank Steiner, editor of the The Three Lakes Enterprise, was a visitor in the metropolis last Friday and Saturday, being present at the wind-up of the county board meeting.

Miss Hilde Gilligan returned from Ashland, Saturday, where she had been the guest of friends and relatives for several days.

The mild weather of the past month has been appreciated by all, with possibly the exception of the wood and coal dealers.

Dr. Henry O'Connor, formerly of this city, but now of Green Bay, arrived here last Saturday to remain several days with friends.

County Clerk Brennan issued a marriage license last Saturday to H. Harris and Miss Mary Lucy, both of the village of Three Lakes.

Don't take too much stock in the statement that "s-and-s" leads them all." Try C. Frickson when in need of gent's furnishings, etc.

In consideration of yourself, your family and your bank account, call and see Christmas goods and prices at the Cash Department Store.

L. C. Vessey, the local butcher, returned home Saturday with a carload of sheep and hogs, with which to supply his increasing trade.

56—The best 20 cent corset in the market. Perfect in shape. Workmanship equal to that of a \$1 corset. All styles in stock at Fendler's.

Nothing makes more acceptable Christmas presents than sofa pillows. At Fendler's you can get all the correct materials to make them.

The Diamond thread cutter, two for five cents. Save your teeth. Save time looking for scissors. Fendler would be pleased to show its merits.

Rev. Dr. Heller, formerly president of Sheridan college, Wyoming, will occupy the pulpit in the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

Mrs. C. V. Barlen returned to her home in Madison the latter part of last week, having been called here by the death of her sister, Mrs. B. S. Miller.

Mrs. Mary J. Hobart, who had been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. D. Calkins for a couple of weeks, departed Monday for her home at Eagle River.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. J. J. Reardon.

Every citizen of Rhinelander should try to bring every convention possible to the city. Invite them, if you know they are not decided on a location.

W. A. Sterling, of New London, route agent for the American Express company, is in the city today, visiting his daughter Mrs. Dr. Daniels and son E. D.

Miss Edith Kelley is attending the Green City college at Milwaukee, instead of the Spencerian college, as was stated in a recent issue of The New North.

Words would still leave our story untold, as to what we can show you in holiday goods. Come early or you will be sorry. Cash Department Store.

There's merry Christmas selling here. Those that have seen our line are satisfied that Santa Claus will make this store his headquarters. Cash Department Store.

Miss Anna Sanford arrived here Saturday from Brantwood, where she is teaching school. She will remain over Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Rogers.

W. D. McIndoe, of Barron, Wisconsin representative for Fred W. Upham, the wealthy Chicago lumberman, was in the city last Friday, en route home from Antigo.

Miss Bessie Shepard was pleasantly surprised by a number of her friends at her north side home last Tuesday evening. The time was enjoyed in games and dancing.

R. B. Clark, traveling representative for J. H. Quail & Co., Minneapolis, was in the city last week and this, in consultation with that firm's bustling local manager, D. F. Becker.

Lynn Vaughn is in the city. Mr. Vaughn had the misfortune to meet with an accident a short time ago while breaking on the Green Bay road, which resulted in the loss of two toes.

Fred Welze, a well known Rhinelander boy and a graduate of the High school in the class of '97, has been appointed as an instructor in one of the gymnastic classes of the State university.

The Walshaw Screen Door company has completed the erection of its new warehouse. It is a three story building, constructed of solid brick, to be used for a store-room for oils, paints, etc.

H. G. Martin, deputy sheriff of Forest county, passed a day in Rhinelander the latter part of last week, en route to Clear Lake, Polk county. The New North force was favored with a pleasant call.

T. W. Ticknor has moved his family to this city from Wausau. Mr. Ticknor is employed as a sealer at State Lane. They will occupy the upper story of the W. Markham residence on the north side.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgeons wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. J. J. Reardon.

Workmen commenced laying the new stone work to replace the old in the approaches to the High street viaduct, Tuesday morning. It is needless to say that the change will be a great improvement.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says, "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. J. J. Reardon.

O. A. Hilgerman visited points on the Soo road last week.

Mrs. W. Thompson has gone to State Lane to spend the winter.

Mr. Geo. Adams, of Chicago, is the guest of Geo. Rosenzweig and family.

Miss Cora Levy, of Antigo, is spending Thanksgiving with her uncle, D. T. Mattison.

The young people of the city will enjoy themselves at a dancing party tomorrow evening.

Miss Maudie Higgins was severely bitten by a dog last Tuesday and, as a result, is confined to her home.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Weber was made happier last Friday by the arrival of a baby boy.

Fred. Anderle has returned from Tomahawk, where he had been the guest of his parents for a couple of weeks.

C. H. Parker, bookkeeper in Geo. Clayton's mill office, is spending Thanksgiving with his family in Muskegon.

The "In Gay Paris" Co. will be at the Grand opera house Thursday. Make sure that you see them. Tickets are selling fast.

Frank Pingry will move to Seattle, Washington, this week. Mrs. Pingry will visit friends in Oshkosh for a month before going west.

John Miller went to Manitowish Tuesday to remain a few days. His place in G. P. Dean & Co.'s store is being filled by Mark Shafer.

Pat Lally returned from Antigo, Monday, and went to Sheboygan the following day, where he has accepted a position as telegraph operator with the Northwestern road.

The art exhibit which was to have been given at the High school room next Saturday, has been postponed, owing to the fact that the exhibitor was unable to fill the appointment. Date will be announced later.

Saturday was the last day vent-on could be legally offered for sale in the state. Our supply of donations being a minus quantity, we are forced to the old bill of fare, including salt pork and liver.

Rhinelanders hotels are doing a good business this fall. The daily registers at both the Fuller and Rapids show a list equal to those of any hotels in Wisconsin, located in cities of this size.

Engineer Thos. Malady, who handles the throttle of the Northwestern switch engine in the yards here, took a run down to Kaukauna Saturday night and spent Sunday with old friends. He returned Monday.

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with cough. It's an infallible cure for coughs, cold, gripe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. J. J. Reardon.

A famous corset. Crisco is the name of this corset and we control the sale of it for this section. Costs no more than old style corsets and it cannot break at the waist line. One trial will convince you of its superior merits. For sale only at Fendler's.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat, cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. J. J. Reardon.

Chas. E. Crusoe & Co. have been obliged to enlarge their store, owing to their increased run of business and Tuesday opened to the public a basement holiday bazaar 6x20 feet in size, underneath the store proper. The new addition is lighted by gas and is filled with novelties which are tastefully arranged.

Miss Annie Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia, lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. J. J. Reardon.

The football game which was expected to have been played last Saturday between Prentice and Rhinelander, was not, owing to the fact that our boys were late in getting a team organized to oppose the Prentice rushers. A game will be played today on the local gridiron and promises to be an interesting one, as the Prentice boys have strengthened their team.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for gripe and its after effects. J. J. Reardon.

Miss M. E. Tanner, art director of the Wisconsin Free Library commission, will lecture at the High school room on Tuesday, December 5, at 8 o'clock, on the subject of "School Room Decoration." Miss Tanner is in the employ of the state and her lecture will be absolutely free. There will also be an interesting musical program. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody.

Harry Pope, of Chicago, a representative for a southern cotton industry, was an over Sunday visitor here. To make his visit one to be remembered, a representative of The New North accompanied him to the home of E. S. Shepard, to have him see the famous Black Hotel, which completely bewildered the Windy City gentleman, who, although somewhat of a naturalist himself, was at a loss to classify the beast. He was equally at a loss to find words adequate to express his bewilderment. Mr. Pope assured Mr. Shepard that if he took the hog to the Paris exposition next year he would make a fortune.

CRUSOE'S BAR

The Crowds at our Basement Store

Tuesday proves that this new department meets with im- expected to see so much—certainly no one was disappointed. very select and magnificently large holiday stock. The regularly organized department with us and will be used stock till Christmas. Come and make your holiday selections of unusual interest now.

BRING THE CHILD
Chas. E.



RECOGNIZE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Officers Elected Last Friday - Program to be rendered this week.

The High School Athlete was re-organized last Friday afternoon and will again take up the literary work which was dropped some time ago. The following officers were elected:

President—Ed. Markham.
Vice-President—James Gray.
Recording Secretary—Guy Ogden.
Corresponding Secretary—Glen Bostrom.

Treasurer—Brooks Edwards.
Marshal—Ethel Holland.

An interesting program prepared by the teachers has been arranged for next Friday afternoon and the rendition of similar programs will follow every Friday afternoon thereafter.

Oysters to Talk.

Solid meats, no water, received twice a week, at French's Restaurant, near the corner of Brown and Third streets. Call when you want fresh oysters.

Cows for Sale.

I have sixteen head of Jersey cattle which I will sell cheap to disposed of them, having undertaken a logging job this winter which will require all my time. Call early and make selection.

BAILEY MORAN.

To the Public.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using it. It is the most successful medicine in the world for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale at Anderle & Hinman's.

Used By British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Ghalish. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Anderle & Hinman.

May Not Survive Operation.

It is said that the life of L. J. Snow is despaired of by his relatives and attending physicians at the Merrill hospital. Chas. Snow, who made a recent visit, is of the impression that the best must be amputated and doubts if his brother can undergo the operation.

QUALITY,
FLOUR KING,
JACK POT,
CIGARS!

Have you tried Them?

These are the brands that have made the Winking cigar famous. You can find them in almost every place in Rhinelander.

FRANK BREYETTE,
Distributor.
Rhinelander, Wis.



Patronize your HOME Optician.

If your eye trouble you call on a Graduate Optician permanently located here in Rhinelander, a thoroughly competent, reliable man, supplied with all the modern scientific appliances for correcting weakness of the eyes and guaranteeing satisfaction or no pay.

J. SEGERSTROM.

Has Corrected Hundreds of Cases of Defective Vision and can Cure Many Hundreds More.

HE LIVES HERE. HE TESTS EYES FREE. CALL ON HIM.

J. H. LEPPER.

Office at B. F. Smith's Residence, South of Court House.

Examine Eyes. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Calls made in any part of the city free of charge. If you have head-ache, weak eyes or need glasses changed, I will not fail to make an appointment.

Scientific Optician.

TESTIMONIALS:

To whom it may concern:

For several years my eyesight has been very poor. I have consulted various opticians (some in Chicago) have always been told my case was very bad, have received little aid in seeing until I met with glasses by Mr. J. H. Lepper. With the glasses fitted to my eyes by him I can see far and near, far better than with any glasses I ever had before, and I believe, better than I ever did before in my life.

C. M. HINTON.

Wm. the undersigned, have had Mr. J. H. Lepper examine our eyes and fit glasses for us, and can heartily recommend him to anyone in need of a careful and competent optician.

Mrs. C. D. Bronson, R. F. Smith, R. Wesley, F. Langer, Mrs. F. Langer, R. Reed, Jas. G. Dunn, Mrs. J. G. Dunn, E. D. Reed, Wm. Carr, C. C. Bronson, Mrs. C. M. Olson, Mrs. C. F. Gardner, Mrs. S. M. Garsen, Mrs. C. H. Hym.

Rhinelander, Wis., Nov. 21, 1899.

What he can do for others he can do for you.

THE STORY TELLER

follow, glancing at his superior. "Oh! You may enlighten the gentleman," said the priest, shrugging his shoulders.

"I was then a plain good-for-nothing, a town constable, and held the county's horse on a certain occasion when the jail was restored. For this service his excellency gave me the sum of 1 rouble. He knew me afterward whenever we met and occasionally presented me with a gratuity on such occasions as Easter and New Year."

"And he knew you this time?" I asked.

The inspector winced slightly. I saw it plainly enough, and so did Borofsky, but he replied that the count never failed to recognize him.

"You are sure he knew you?" said Borofsky, looking keenly at the man. "Lord have mercy!" exclaimed the fellow. "Have I not said so? He recognized me, and we conversed. Here is the conversation. I have it down in my notes. I said: 'Excellent, we do not often see you in these parts. To which the count replied that one of the servants, a groom, had been taken ill and was lying sick in his lodging up near the court house, by the little Nerva, and he came occasionally to inquire after the poor fellow.'

"Your excellency was always kind hearted and generous," I replied, and the count gave me a gratuity and departed.

"How much?" asked Borofsky.

"Twenty kopecks," said the fellow.

"Ah!" exclaimed the fellow.

How Mary Emma

Took Care of the Baby.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

"YOUR sister Eunice wants you to keep Louise for her and take care of the baby while she goes to Linville to buy the baby's winter cloak," said Mary Emma's mother.

And, accordingly, Mary Emma brushed her tow-colored hair tightly back from her round, freckled face and tied it with a blue ribbon, and put on her brand-new blue-and-white-checked gingham dress, and set out for the Pillsbury settlement, off on the edge of the prairie, where her sister Eunice lived.

"Do take good care of the house, and don't let anything happen to the baby, and keep your wits about you!" her mother called after her.

"And, if the house gets afire, don't run for the oil can to put it out," said her brother Noah, facetiously.

Noah wouldn't forget the time when he cut his finger and Mary Emma brought the mustard to dress it with; nor the time when little Shadrach fell off the hayrack and bumped his forehead, and Mary Emma got the varnish instead of the arsenic, and varnished him so that he was sticky for days.

And her mother was continually saying that she "didn't suppose Mary Emma ever would learn to keep her wits about her."

These little reminders which her mother and Noah gave her made Mary Emma feel for a time as if her gingham dress might just as well have been old as new, and as if she didn't care whether Eunice had saved any of the "high-top sweeties" for her or not. But before she reached the farm her spirits had risen again.

The farm was a delightful place to go to on a pleasant autumn day. There was a little house, as bright and shining as new paint could make it; and a big barn, and a garden and orchard that Hiram, her sister's husband, was very proud of; and great fields of grain that stretched away to the prairie; the broad prairie that rolled and rolled, like a vast green and misty-blue sea, and at last seemed to roll itself into the sky.

And besides all this, and much more than all this, there was the baby. She was the smallest baby in the town—a mere crumb of a baby—but she had two pearly teeth and a golden curl on her neck, and her name was Alice Maud Grace Evangeline, because her mother didn't see why her baby shouldn't have as many names as the queen of England's.

And one couldn't stay in the house ten minutes without discovering that she was considered the most remarkable baby that ever lived, and that nothing in the world was of much importance except so far as it affected her.

It was a great responsibility to be the aunt of such a baby, especially when one was only 11. Although it made one very proud, it was quite a fearful responsibility to be left to take care of it all alone.

The huge buggy in which Eunice was to drive herself to Linville was already waiting at the door, and with more rattles and clatters about the baby than anyone could possibly remember, Eunice drove off, and Hiram went away to the distant field, where he was gathering the last of the harvest.

Baby Alice wasn't sleepy, but she was very good-natured, and graciously permitted herself to be amused by "patty-cakes" and "rides to Banbury Cross," and when these diversions were exhausted, Mary Emma took her out on the broad dooryard and let her try to catch the yellow leaves that floated down from the maple trees, and made Towser jump over the well sweep—only a few feet from the ground, for Towser was a lazy old dog—for her edification.

What a beautiful bright afternoon it was, and how still! The breeze that had been fluttering the leaves had died away. Mary Emma suddenly became conscious of a breathless hush that made her look up at the sky.

All clear and blue; but what was that black speck away off where the prairie was lost in the sky?

Only a speck, but it came rushing on almost with the speed of a cannon ball, increasing in size with every instant.

Mary Emma knew what it might be—twice had the town been almost destroyed by a cyclone.

What, oh, what should she do with the baby? The wits which Mary Emma had been enjoined to keep about her, that quite forgot her, as was no wonder.

She never could quite remember what happened in the next two or three minutes, only that a rushing, roaring noise deafened her, that the earth and the gently seemed to come together with a great shock.

When she came to herself she was propped on her face under a pile of shingles and hay—the lighter ruins of the barn—but she could help to extricate her.

Where is the baby? said Hiram's voice, hoarse and unnatural.

Mary Emma looked toward the house; it was still standing. The cyclone, which had swept the great barn away like a feather, had only brushed the house in passing, and unroofed the little ell.

Then Mary Emma looked toward the well. The woodwork was gone completely; even the great sweep that Hiram's grandfather had made that his wife might have something to remind her of her New England home.

Mary Emma shuddered as she looked toward the well. "I put her somewhere! I can't tell—I hadn't time to think! It came just like a flash!" she said, trembling and sobbing.

Hiram rushed into the house and frantically every corner, and came out again, with his face more dreadful than ever in its grayish paleness.

A throng of men and women had gathered. All had their own troubles, ruined homesteads and harvests—the cyclone had devastated the Pillsbury settlement, leaving the rest of the town untouched—but there had been no lives lost; no one was missing except Hiram Pillsbury's baby. What were all other troubles compared to his?

They searched under a great pile of the heavy timbers of the barn. Poor Towser's body lay there, stark and stiff, but not the baby's.

Jonas Farley said there were timbers of that barn over in Burnt river, and the

roof of the ell, too; and it was proposed to drag the river.

Mary Emma felt a little thrill of hope. Some things dropped into a river might float.

"The cyclones has cur's ways. It might have picked the baby up, and dropped her down somewhere kind of easy," said Uncle Lot Pillsbury.

But the others shook their heads.

Two men went down into the well.

Mary Emma put her hands before her eyes. She expected to see them bring up a little golden head.

Eunice's voice broke upon her ears, the poor mother driven wild by her misery.

"What did you do with her? Why didn't you hold her tight? Oh, why did I trust you?"

Mary Emma tried to answer, but the great lump in her throat wouldn't let her.

She was straining her eyes now to watch the men as they came up from the well. No little golden head. The baby was not there.

Mary Emma drew a long, sobbing breath of relief.

"Perhaps I could tell, now, what I did, or what I thought of doing—I can't be sure that I did, I was so bewildered. But what good would it do to tell? They couldn't find her. Oh, why don't they go to the river?"

Mary Emma set out for the river alone, running as if for dear life. She felt scarcely a ray of hope, but she could not stay where every one seemed to look reproachfully at her.

At the foot of the little hill on which the house was set, a queer little sound stopped her flight. It was just like the gurgling, giggling little cry Alice made when she awoke and found herself alone.

Mary Emma's heart seemed beating in her ears so loudly as to drown all other sounds; but she heard it again—the little giggled cry.

It seemed to come from a clump of weeds, tall birdocks and thistles, and one small alder tree, which the cyclone had spared.

With trembling hands, Mary Emma parted the leaves. There was the well-bucket, rolled upon its side, and out of it were thrust a yellow head and a small dimpled fist!

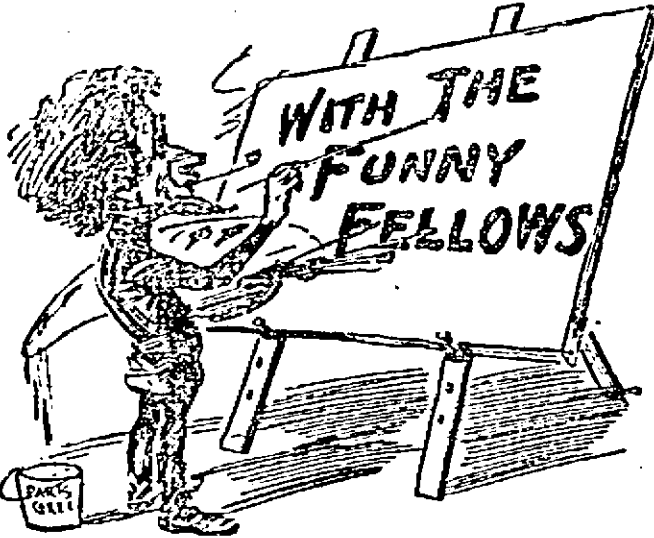
Rosy with sleep, cooling with joy at sight of Mary Emma, without a bruise or scratch, was the baby!

Noah said:

"You might know Mary Emma would do the very queerest thing that could be thought of."

But Hiram and Eunice said they thought the well bucket was a providence; so Mary Emma was comforted.

—Golden Days.



Simply Had to Do It.
Tommy—Mamma, are where sister struck me.
Mamma—Did you strike your brother, Tommy?
"I couldn't help it, mamma."
"Couldn't help it, child?"
"No; you see, we were playing house, and Tommy was papa, and I was you, and Tommy did something I told him not to do."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Game of Life.
Life is just a poker game.
And often, it is the rush.
A man is rated great and grand
By standing out upon a hard
Containing a four-flush.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

PRESCRIBING FOR HIMSELF.



Dr. Young—My dear, your throat demands better protection from the draughts of the opera house.
Mrs. Young—Yes, darling; I ought to have a three-rop pearl necklace for such occasions.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Catastrophe.
She made some angel food for him—
At night he was to come.
In rusted some damels, fair and slim,
And did not leave a crumb.
—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Refrained.
"What made you take all that impudence from that fellow?" asked the friendly passenger of the conductor.
"Why, he didn't even pay his fare."
"That's it," said the conductor. "If he had paid his fare, I'd have broken his head; but he's riding on a pass, and may be he has a pull."—Harlem Life.

Gettison Even with Her.
She wished to break it to him gently.
"I have decided," she said, "to return your ring."
He, however, was a resourceful man, who did not believe in letting a woman get the better of him.
"You needn't bother," he replied. "I buy them by the dozen."—Chicago Post.

Not Disputing It.
"Anybody who knows enough," said Mr. Spillins, "can learn something from anybody else. However ignorant the latter may be."
"That is true," asserted Mrs. Spillins, cheerfully. "Now, I can occasionally learn something from you."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Wise Precaution.
He holds her hand for half an hour
While tender words he says.
For well he knows, thus in his power,
The piano she cannot play.
—Judge.

NATURE OF THE BEAST.



Guest—Waiter, what about that terrapin I ordered?
Waiter—Coming along slowly, sah. Terrapin is powerful slow, yo' know, sah.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Poor Human Nature.
When we at last succeed
For self we credit claim;
But when we fail in doing
Our luck gets all the blame.
—Judge.

Fully Prepared.
"Don't you dare kiss me!" she cried, warningly.
"Why, I wasn't thinking of such a thing," he said.
"Well, I was," she replied, firmly.—Philadelphia North American.

Very Dangerous.
Midge—Why do you say it isn't safe to marry a poor man?
Dolly—Because if you find you've made a mistake you haven't the money to procure a divorce.—Town Topics.

Innocence.
"Of course we have to pay more for coal now than we did a month or two ago," said Mrs. Chugwater, "but we ought not to mind that. I suppose it means that they have been raising the poor coal miners' wages."
"Samantha," remarked Mr. Chugwater, looking at her over his glasses, "you are too good for this wicked world."—Chicago Tribune.

Height Boy.
Some one took Charlie up and asked him if he wasn't papa's boy. He answered: "Yes."
"And your mamma's boy, too?"
"Yes," replied Charlie.
"Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's both at the same time?"
"Oh," replied Charlie, quite indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"—Boston Traveler.

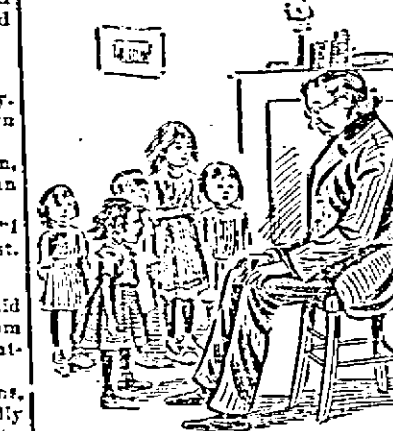
Crash Revenge.
First Bootblack—You had a row with Nibsey, Billy?
Second Bootblack—Yes, and I'm going to have my revenge, too.
P. B.—Goin' to fight him?
S. B.—Naw, I'm goin' to stand a-side of him when he's shinin' a gent, and when he's finished I'm goin' to say: "Shine, sir!"—Tit-Bits.

A Queer Lot.
Stranger—I have heard that you have a good many queer people in this town.
Citizen—As odd a lot as you'd find in a year's travel. They are a queer set, the whole of 'em, outside my family. And my wife is almost as bad as the others; but then, you know, she wasn't originally of my family.—Boston Transcript.

Asking Too Much.
"I wish," said the irritable man as he pushed the book away, "that this author would try a new vein."
"He writes dialect very well."
"I suppose so. But I'd like to see him make a departure. I'd like to have him attempt an imitation of the style of a refined, educated and grammatical gentleman."—Washington Star.

A Lover's Ultimatum.
"Some other day," sweet Daphne sighed.
"I'll marry, listening, at thy side."
"Leave me, sweet Daphne! Tell me true: Some other day I may not woo."—Chicago Daily Record.

AN IDEA OF BLISS.



Teacher—Now, little girl, I have told the class about the wicked place being paved with good intentions. Now, what do you suppose Heaven is paved with?
Little Girl—with a delightful recollection of a fresh-air picnic.—Haw sandwiches, bananas and pie.—Harlem Life.

Thanksgiving.
The pessimist may still be glad
When dinner's served in jovial state;
He may evolve some comment sad
Upon the turkey's hapless fate.
—Washington Star.

The Exact Date.
Young Adelpate—Aw, do you think that an astrologer, by being told the date of me birth, could tell me when me misfortunes were to begin?
Old Grufficus—Possibly not, but he could tell you when your parents' misfortunes began.—N. Y. World.

Not a Bargain.
"Don't you think," remarked the bankrupt lord to his American wife, "that you ought to call me 'dear'?"
"Yes, I suppose I ought," she replied, "for you certainly are not cheap at any price."—Chicago Daily News.

The Annual Question.
Mrs. Cobwigger—I think Freddie has something to say to you, my dear.
Cobwigger—I know what it is. The young rascal always comes to me about this time of the year and says he would rather go to work than attend school another year.—N. Y. World.

One Exception.
The Philosopher—A young man should begin at the bottom and work his way up.
The Youth—I can't very well do that. I am apprenticed to a well digger.—San Francisco Examiner.

What She Said.
She said he talked just like a book.
So his face wore a flattered look
Until the compliment was null.
When she said: "I find reading dull."—Chicago Record.

MATTER FOR CONGRESS.

Pretty Girl with Fastidious Taste Makes a Suggestion Regarding Postage Stamps.

"Yes, ten two-cent ones, please," said the girl with the ivory turrets on her jacket lapel, as she stopped at the window marked "Stamps." "Haven't they a horrid taste!" she went on, laying her letters on the little shelf in front of the window and leisurely putting on the dainty pink bits of paper. "I wonder why they don't have some of the flowers in the same as they do in the ice cream soda or anything like that. I think it would be awfully nice to buy ten cents' worth of vanilla two cents, or chocolate special deliveries, you know; and if you wanted revenues, why, they could be in high tone flavors, tutti-frutti, or caramel, or California fruit, I think it would be great, and you'd sell more stamps, too, you know, 'cause girls would buy them just to lick off the flavors. Which I were a man and could go to congress, I'd fix lots of things up nice. Good-by."

She gave the last stamp a pat with her hand and tripped off, and the young man behind the counter at the window sighed and leaned his weary brow upon his hand.—Chicago Tribune.

Electricity for Brains.
A European scientist claims to have discovered an apparatus which will stimulate the brain. It has been tried on school boys, and the results are electric. While scientists have been busy inventing unnatural ways of making the brain work, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has for fifty years been doing it naturally. It cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles and builds up and invigorates the entire system. There is nothing "just as good."

Surely a Dream.
The rich, talented, handsome stranger prostrates himself at the feet of the beautiful cashier in the laundry.
"He must be an idiot," he murmured.
"Am I dreaming?" the young girl asked herself.
She has not long to remain in doubt. For the present stranger, the rich, talented, handsome stranger and marries the how-legged bootmaker to whom she had pledged her troth.
This, of course, makes it a cinch that she is dreaming.—Detroit Journal.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
J. C. Chase & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Chase for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
West & Tuttle, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.
Suspicious.
Stranger—Do you know a man around here by the name of Brown?
Man in the Door—Er—tall man?
"Can't say you see, I never met him. I am an attorney and a rich relative of his has died and left him a fortune."
"I'm Brown—walk right in. Do you know, I thought you were the new gas collector."—Ohio State Journal.

A Good Road to Cincinnati.
The Monon Route and C. & I. & D. R. run four trains daily from Chicago to Cincinnati. The day trains leave Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 8:30 a. m. and 11:45 a. m., and are equipped with elegant Pullman and Dining cars. The night trains leave at 8:30 p. m. and 2:45 a. m. These trains are equipped with elegant sleepers and comfortable cars, the sleepers on the latter train being ready for occupancy at 9:30 p. m. Ask for tickets for the Monon and C. & I. & D. City Ticket Office, 212 S. Clark St., Chicago.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.
"We ought to do something to make ourselves solid with posterity," remarked one of the Pilgrim Fathers.
"That's so," replied his companion. "How would it be to inaugurate a national holiday that will be a convenient time for football games?"
The rest is history.—N. Y. Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word 'butterine'?" asked the customer. "The last syllable is silent," stily replied the grocer.—London Answers.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor dyed with LUTANAL FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

When you see a man eager to confess a small fault the chances are he has a larger one to conceal.—Chicago Daily News.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Two's Cure, Ralph Erieg, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1933.

By the time a man succeeds in reaching the top of the ladder he is too old to enjoy the scenery.—Chicago Daily News.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a queer structure.—Chicago Daily News.

[LETTER TO MISS FISKE, NO. 9478]

"I am so grateful to you for what Lydia H. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me that I feel as though I must tell about it. A year ago I was taken very sick. Doctors could do me no good only to deaden the pain which I had almost constantly. I got some of your Compound and took one bottle and received benefit from it at once. I have taken it ever since and now have no backache, no pain in my side and my stomach and bowels are perfectly well. I can honestly say that there is nothing like it. If I could only tell every woman how much good your medicine has done me, they would surely try it."—MARTHA M. KING, NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Women Would Surely Try Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine if They Only Knew, Says Mrs. King

The way women trifle with health shows a degree of indifference that is past understanding. Happiness and usefulness depend on physical health; so does a good disposition. Disease makes women nervous, irritable and snappish. The very effort of ailing women to be good-natured makes them nervous. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, she will help you to health and happiness. It costs nothing to get Mrs. Pinkham's advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

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"Do It and Stick to It."

If you are sick and discouraged with impure blood, catarrh or rheumatism, take Flood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, and you will soon have a cure. This medicine has cured thousands of others and it will do the same for you. Faithfully taken.

Flood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

OZARK AGRICULTURE.

How Farmers Practice Rotation of Crops in That Prolific Region.

Ozark humor appreciates the story that a scientist was quite amazed the other day at observing a farmer, after killing a nest of snakes turned up by the plow, arrange the dead snakes in the furrow before he went back to the plow.

"Why do you do that, my good man?" the scientist asked.

"I cover the snakes so the snakes will be in the ground, and, seeing that he was really in search of information, replied:

"I do that so the plow will cover the snakes on the next round."

Seeing that the scientist was still mystified, the farmer continued to say that they will decompose. That is what you call it, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the scientist, with a rising inflection.

"Well," continued the farmer, "the decomposition of animal matter furnishes nourishment for the plant life, I believe?"

"Yes," replied the scientist.

"Then snakes will make corn grow, won't they?" triumphantly asked the farmer.

"Yes," said the scientist.

"And what will make more snakes, won't it, mister, that is what we call rotation in the agriculture of this region."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"How women do love to stare at a hero!" said the Cynical Youth. "Vep," asserted the Savage Bachelor. "That is one reason why they always flock to weddings."—Indianapolis Journal.

No matter how proud a man feels of a woman's cleverness, he likes to feel that she considers him even more clever than she is herself.—Philadelphia Times.

The gossip in a home decreases as the library increases.—Chicago Daily News.

Ayer's Pills
Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Wash your countenance or beard a beautiful brown or black? Then use the **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE Whiskers**
10c. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

"Y. Reversible" LINENE
Collars & Cuffs
Style, convenient, economical; made of the best linen, and finished in pure starch on both sides alike. Turn down collar are reversible and give double service.
No Laundry Work.
When soiled discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25c. By mail, send for stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name and style.
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., DEPT. 18, BOSTON

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
Cures a Cough or Cold at Once. Conquers Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, and for the cure of Consumption. Mothers beware! Do not give your child anything but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is the only safe, sure remedy.
FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS.
There are still thousands of acres of government lands in the states of Washington and Oregon. Also prairie and timber lands in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and the Dominion of Wales.

PILES
mail on receipt of price. 50 cents and \$1.00. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., PROP., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CARTER'S INK
Bring your children up on it.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives relief from all cases of dropsy in 10 days treatment. Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S 3033, Box 10, Atlanta, GA.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

homeward bound. Col. Funston and staff were also aboard.

Leaving Nagasaki in the night, we awoke the following day off the coast of the China Sea. The second day out we encountered a typhoon. This is a queer word but my personal feeling was a darned sight more queer. We turned the Warren oceanward and rode the bulling mountain of water for thirty-six hours. The ship rolled so that we held to our beds with both hands. But the good ship weathered the gale.

When about fifty miles from Corregidor Island, we passed a short distance from another typhoon. Passing the entrance to the bay we glided through the channel where Dewey and his fleet were in on that memorable first morning of May, 1898. On the way into the harbor, we passed the wreck of the Hooker. We were soon anchored just outside of the old stone trocha which Weyler built when he was governor general of the islands, and which was blown to pieces by Dewey's guns. Looking to the right is the Cavite fort and arsenal. In front is the walled city and the palace (now occupied by the U.S. Navy). To the left is one of the grandest churches ever constructed. We went to sleep on the decks, but were awakened at midnight and hurried ashore, where we entered one of the large gateways and received guns and ammunition and laid down on our blankets in a large courtyard and with our guns at our sides, ready to repel a rebel out-break in the city, but none came. In the morning we ate breakfast seated on the ground among hundreds of old cannons which were captured from Spain. I also noticed a number of two or three feet guns taken from the rebels. These were peculiar, some being made of large pieces of hollow bamboo with a leather jacket laced tightly to prevent bursting; others were pieces of iron pipe covered with closely woven wire.

At 11 o'clock the same day we crossed the Pasig river on a boat and 20 of us who had enlisted for the 36th regiment took the train for the north line. The cars are queer. The seats run clear across the car and each seat is entered only from a door at the side. The cars are about as large as a Northwestern twenty-eight foot box car. We passed through Calocan, Malolos, Malabon, Calumpit, and stopped at San Fernando. Here we left the railway and marched to Bacolor. Arriving there at dark, we were put to sleep in a large church. In the morning we were assigned to our companies and marched to the different towns where our companies were stationed. I am in Co. D, 1st Battalion, 36th Regt. The church is our quarters and many people are buried in its walls. I sleep on the floor, and at my head is a large oval tablet with an angel engraved thereon, which seals the grave of some Spanish or Filipino child. The gunboat Laguna de la Cruz came up the river and smashed one end of the church and the insurgents in their flight set fire to the big altar and it burned up. In its place is a kitchen and cook stove, and piled against the wall among the bread and canned goods are a dozen pieces of statuary which were taken from an elaborately painted house. The walls and ceiling are painted in gaudy colors, and there are many large groups of Angels among the clouds, and different life-size paintings of the Saints and illustrations taken from the Bible. The religion is Roman Catholic. The people all wear clothing the same as in America, excepting shoes and hats, and the men all dress their hair pompadour. There is a pipe organ twenty feet high in the church but it has been broken lately. The people go through our lines at will so long as they are unarmed and wear white clothes. They have fine food and play in the market square often.

The 5th Infantry was here until a few days ago and two of their men were killed on an outpost four blocks from the church by a band of ladrones. By ladrones I mean thieves. They carry a long, heavy knife, called a bolo. We have been called out in the night twice, since coming here, to repel an attack. One night our 220-lb gun threw five explosive shells into the enemy's camp.

One day fifteen men from each company made up a scouting party and whipped a band of insurgents which were entrenched a few miles from here. They were joined by Col. Bell and a party from the 2nd Battalion. They captured six prisoners. Among them was a captain who took to his heels, but Col. Bell was mounted on a horse and he ran the captain down and made a prisoner of him. We are expecting to take the field any day for a long campaign. The native horses are the same as the Shetland pony. The rivers are full of fish and eels and some crocodiles. Bananas, coconuts, oranges as large as your hat, lemons, mangoes, sweet potatoes, figs, peanuts, limes and yams grow everywhere. Sugar cane, rice and corn are cultivated; also tobacco, which is used by every native. On the mountains are forests of large mahogany, ebony and teakwood trees. The insurgents wear a uniform of striped cloth the same as Americans use for bed ticks, and they have brass buttons with a ten-pointed star.

Many Rhinelander people will remember a young man named Minahan who worked on the Bellan drive last spring. He is a member of my company.

I wish to explain something of the force of Americans who fight the "niggers" here. None of the companies have over sixty men, and nearly all of the 36th regiment are veterans. There is one company each from the Montana, Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Tennessee regiments, and my company, D, is mostly from the 24th Kansas. The boys of Co. I, there, will remember Adit Green, of Appleton. He is Quartermaster of the 36th regiment which arrived at Manila yesterday on the Columbia. We are about sixty miles from Manila, and are on the extreme left of the north lighting line. Stamps are out of the question here and we send our mail C. O. D. We have had no pay yet, but expect some next month. We all have the latest model

Krag-Jorgensen rifle and carry 120 rounds of ammunition and we never go a block from the church without our guns. I miss my six-shooter which was stolen from me the night I left Rhinelander. There are several hundred insurgents in town dressed in civilian clothes and they all have their Mausers hid somewhere, so we can't tell when we will get a shot in the back.

We have received no mail since leaving Trisco. As soon as we start the campaign I will try and write you often. We have all we can eat here and plenty of tobacco, but little drill, and we lie in the shade and learn the Pampanga language. If we see a suspicious nigger we either pound him on the head or put a hole in him. With regards to Co. L and all the Rhinelander people.

W. F. S. QUICK.

The Best Cough Medicine. Every Bottle Warranted.

Knowing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be a medicine of great worth and merit and especially valuable for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, we will herewith warrant every bottle bought of us and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of a 25 or 50 cent bottle. For sale at Audette & Humann's.

THIRTEEN LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress, approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timberlands in the State of California," Robert J. Weyler, of Harshaw, County of Nevada, has this day filed in this office his claim statement No. 79, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 30, in Township No. 27 N. Range No. 6 East, and 1st Meridian, and that the said claim is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim he has filed in this office on Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1900, his claim statement, Robert J. Weyler, A. C. Stephenson, Peter Nord, Peter Gerard, A. C. Stephenson, Robert Nord, and A. C. Stephenson, all of Harshaw, County of Nevada, as witnesses, and that the said claim is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim he has filed in this office on or before said 10th day of January, 1900.

OSIDA COUNTY COURT—IN PROBATE. STATE OF WISCONSIN.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the general term of said county court, held at Rhinelander, in said county, on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1899, the following matter was heard and decided: The estate of Christina Gross, deceased. The administrator of the estate of Christina Gross, deceased, J. M. HARRISON, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., Nov. 4, 1899. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim to the land described in the following to-wit: The NW 1/4 of Section No. 30, in Township No. 27 N. Range No. 6 East, and 1st Meridian, and that the said claim is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim he has filed in this office on or before said 10th day of January, 1900.

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UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. Public Land Sale.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of instructions from the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under authority vested in him by section 2155, U. S. L. S., as amended by the act of Congress, approved February 26, 1895, we will proceed to offer for public sale, on the 10th day of January, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at this office, the following tracts of land, to-wit: SW 1/4 of Section No. 30, in Township No. 27 N. Range No. 6 East, and 1st Meridian, and that the said claim is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim he has filed in this office on or before said 10th day of January, 1900.

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IN PROBATE, OSIDA COUNTY COURT. IS THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ARTHUR GREEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that at the general term of said county court, held at Rhinelander, in said county, on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1899, the following matter was heard and decided: The estate of Arthur Green, deceased. The administrator of the estate of Arthur Green, deceased, J. M. HARRISON, County Judge.

LION COFFEE

Used in Millions of Homes!
Accept no substitute!
Insist on LION COFFEE, in 1 lb. pkgs.

These articles mailed FREE in exchange for lion heads cut from front of 1 lb. LION COFFEE pkgs.

Silk Umbrella (either Lady's or Gents).

Sent by express (charges prepaid) for 170 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

A very fine umbrella, made of union silk fabric; 25-inch frame with seven ribs; steel rod and silver Congo handle. Would cost \$2.00 at the store.

Dress-Pin Set.

Mailed free for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Three pins in a set (larger than shown), composed of fine rolled-gold, with handsome engraved designs. Suitable for waist pins, cuff pins, neck pins, or as a child's set.

Sash-Belt and Buckle.

Mailed free for 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Latest style of imported black leather sash-belt, with handsome engraved silver buckle; neat, strong and fashionable.

Silver Napkin-Ring.

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Neat and useful. Made of solid metal, heavily silver-plated. Two different patterns.

Coin-Purse.

For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of fine black leather; elegant lining; nickel-plated frame, with strong snap fastening.

Ladies' Pen-Knife.

For 15 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Latest style of imported black leather; handles nicely decorated and assorted colors.

"Knickerbocker" Watch.

Given for 175 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Neat appearing and an excellent time-keeper. Solid nickel-silver case, with handsome engraved design. Nickel movement, escapement fully jeweled. The famous "Knickerbocker" watch.

Ladies' Watch Chain.

A double strand of test silk cord, united at ends with colored beads; neat and substantial. For 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Gent's Watch.

Mailed free for 90 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. The celebrated "Knickerbocker" watch, with handsome engraved design. Nickel movement, escapement fully jeweled. The famous "Knickerbocker" watch.

Ladies' Pocket-Book.

Large size, black leather, with fine engraved design. Divided into compartments for a check-book, visiting cards, etc. Mailed free for 25 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Table Cover.

Durable, dirt-colored material that will stand washing. Square. Includes fancy fringed border. Mailed free for 25 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Pair of Lace Handkerchiefs.

Two extra fine cambric handkerchiefs, with beautiful imported lace medallion insertion in the corners. Handkerchiefs, machine hem stitched; stylish and durable. A pair of these handkerchiefs given for 18 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

Children's Picture Book.

Given for 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Sixteen large pages of Mother Goose Melodies illustrated with nicely lithographed covers. We have different books, so you can get an assortment.

Century Cook-Book.

25 pages of valuable cooking receipts, all treated on the latest of the kitchen, dining-room, and bedrooms, and remedies for the more common diseases. Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Boys' Pocket-Knife.

The "Easy-Opener" blade; strong, sharp blade; red-wood handle. For 12 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Art Picture, "Easter Greeting."

Given for 8 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. A highly artistic picture, that will grace the finest drawing room. The background of royal dark-blue furples. An appropriate contrast to the little girl and her white Easter lilies. Size, 11x12 inches. For 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Will send it framed ready for hanging.

Flower Picture.

For 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. American Beauty Roses and Lilies of the Valley. Size, 11x12 inches. Bright and artistic coloring.

"The Dancing Lesson."

The green grass and trees, the little town, the girls and the girls' snow-white dress form a pleasing combination of colors. Size, 11x12 inches. Mailed free for 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

When writing for premiums send your letter in the same envelope or package with the lion heads. If more than 15 lion heads are sent, you can save postage by trimming down the margin. Ask your grocer for large illustrated premium list. Address all letters to the

WOOLSON SPIGE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878—Notice for Publication.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress, approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timberlands in the State of California," John C. Johnson, of Rhinelander, County of Wisconsin, has this day filed in this office his claim statement No. 79, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 30, in Township No. 27 N. Range No. 6 East, and 1st Meridian, and that the said claim is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim he has filed in this office on or before said 10th day of January, 1900.

J. A. WHITING, VETERINARY SURGEON

And DENTIST.

Office at Joslin & Chaffee's Library.

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

The Central BARBER SHOP

GEO. DUSEL, Proprietor.

The finest and most centrally located shop in the city. THE place for a reliable work. The most experienced hairdressers in the country employed.

Hilber House-Block, Brown Street.

GEM BARBER SHOP

H. L. JEWETT, Prop.

I make it a point to satisfy my patrons. My workmen are the best in the city. Call and see me. Shop on Duaneport Street, next to First National Bank.

F. A. HILDEBRAND, FURNITURE.

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

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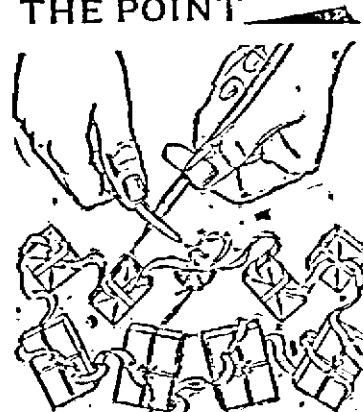
AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH.

Wagon and Repair Shop in Connection. Street King Street.

ED. ROGERS, GENERAL Blacksmith and Horse Shoer.

Fancy Horse Shoeing, Buggy and Wagon repairing a Specialty. All New Work Made to Order. Mail orders filled promptly. Give us a trial.

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Is to secure the pencils, pens, ink and paper that will best secure your requirements and get you a reasonable profit to the dealer. We have many customers but we want more new ones. Our prices and qualities and facilities for filling orders are just what they should be—satisfactory. A full line of everything, generally found in a first-class stationery store.

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Coal and Wood FOR SALE!

Excavating

Rock furnished. Low Prices.

W. F. SHAFER, RHINELANDER, WIS.

THROUGH CAR ROUTE
ST PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS
TO THE KOOTENAY AND PACIFIC COAST PORTS
ALSO TO MONTREAL, BOSTON, AND THE EAST.

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CUS HORN, Prop.

Transients will find it to their advantage to give this house a trial. One Dollar per Day.